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THE BURDEN OF EGYPT.

MINNEHAHA FINNEY.
Editor for Egypt.

(Introduction.)

The need for Christ and His transforming power is the "Burden of Egypt." The following pages tell the story of the Burden. The people, their religions, their superstitions, their customs, all cry out for the transforming power of Christ.

From a Missionary standpoint the country is still largely unoccupied. Christian Missions at work in Egypt today seem a mere drop in the bucket when we look out over the land with its centers of dense population. The Chart showing the Provinces of Egypt and the towns of over 10,000 inhabitants and their relation to mission work is in itself a challenge.

At present we are facing this great problem of Islam and Egypt is its Citadel.

Dr. C. R. Watson sums up the situation better than anything I can say so I will quote from him: "Egypt holds a position of unique influence, situated as she is at the confluence of nations. Here the East and the West touch each other influentially. Nowhere can America so help this great and needy world of the Near East as from Cairo and Egypt. Influences set in motion here penetrate not merely into Africa, but into Syria, Arabia, Persia, and India. The Moslem attitude toward Western learning and Christian teaching is already one of eager inquiry. This is an attitude which the war has accentuated. The movement of hundreds of thousands of troops in all lands with all that this has involved of the stirring of stagnant Oriental life, has produced a sort of intellectual and spiritual awakening in the whole Moslem world."

The CALL is for MEN and WOMEN to intercede, to minister, to live righteously, to "stand in the battle in the day of the Lord."—Minnehaha Finney, Editor for Egypt.

PART ONE—"THE COUNTRY AND ITS PEOPLE."

COMPILED BY MISS DAVIDA FINNEY, MANSOURA, EGYPT.

COME AND SEE EGYPT.

By Mrs. J. R. Alexander.

OH, I wish you could see Egypt—Egypt where the sky is so blue, the sunshine so brightly warm, and life so full of color everywhere.

Come up to the mountain behind the city of Assiut and look down over the land. Mountain? Well, it's only a courtesy title for the low range of absolutely barren, rocky hills that shut in the fertile Nile valley from the jealous desert sands on either side. Such a narrow valley. A mere winding strip of country, redeemed from the desert by the river, with a cultivable breadth of never more than twelve miles. Twelve million people are crowded into this slender country, whose wealth is in its wonderful fertility.

Stand at the top of the hill, above the tombs where Ancient Egypt laid her dead, and let your eyes enjoy the rich valley lands spread out in glowing colors. How brilliantly green the clover fields are, dotted with nodding mustard plants whose yellow heads rise up above the grass. Silver-green sugarcane is carefully watered from a sakkia turned by a blind-folded cow, wearily yoked to the wheel that lifts dripping jars of water from a deep cool well. Maize, beans, barley, onions—all have their allotments of land, forming one great garden in every shade of shimmering green. Difference in color shows the outline of fields in a country where there are no fence boundaries of any kind because of the river's overflowing waters at the time of High Nile.

By way of contrast to the green fields, a great square of unplanted land is being turned into dark brown furrows by a curious clumsy plow, a copy of the implement found on the Ancient Egyptian monuments of four thousand years ago. A camel with its haughty head high in the air, disdains the bony buffalo yoked with it, but together, urged on by many imprecations from their blue-robed driver, they lay open the rich, brown earth to the sun.

A glint of silver marks the river dividing the valley, still beyond, the Eastern hills rise up to guard Egypt's precious soil from the encroaching sands. Bare, and treeless like the Western hills, the sandstone rocks have a beauty of their own, catching the light in shades of pink and lavender, with variations of tans and browns, and soft greys that are at once the delight and the despair of an artist.

Oh, yes, Egypt is ever beautiful in color and outline. But look at the road at the foot of the "mountain." Riding on a donkey is a man, strong and well-fed. Hurrying bare-footed in the dust behind him is a woman, his wife. On her head is a bundle tied up in a patchwork of cloth. In one arm she clutches a non-descript parcel, and in the other she holds a baby—a wailing morsel of dirty humanity that not even the charm worn around its neck can keep from being tired and uncomfortable. And always the man keeps the donkey at a pace that compels the woman to hasten her steps, and never does he offer to take the bundles or the baby.

His wife? Yes—but what is that? His servant, his chattel, his slave, deserving no kindness, no respect. A Mohammedan may have, say his prophet, four wives, but it is cheaper and easier for a man to have only one at a time, divorcing her whenever he fancies a new wife, without need to assign any cause.

A Mohammedan husband and wife may live happily together, but the bond is purely dependent on the will of the husband. Could a home as you know the meaning of the word, exist under conditions so unstable as these? Do you wonder there are so many dull-eyed hopeless-faced women in Egypt?

"I learn to read," mocked one woman to a Bible teacher. "I am only a donkey."

And Mohammed himself said, "I stood at the gates of Paradise, and lo most of its inhabitants were poor, and I stood at the gates of Hell, and lo most of its inhabitants were women."

This is the attitude towards woman in this beautiful land.

It saddens you to think of these things? Has the unhappiness of Egypt's women put a shadow across the beauty of the mountain view? Come down from the hill top, and forget the sadness.

Could anything be more peacefully delightful than gliding in a sail boat across the Nile at Luxor? See the flat cargo boats piled high with grain, their great wing-sails picturesquely stately. Palm trees grouped on the banks, sway softly above their perfect reflections in the lustrous, brown waters. Women wade out into the river, their multicolored gowns held high as they fill their water jars. Men, stripped to the waist, drone out their weird, wailing song in the time to their regular bending to dip up water for the irrigation ditches. The river, ages old, flows silently, peacefully, past the old-time temple, where even yet a great double row of columns bears massive testimony to the magnificence of the past.

The noontime sun inspires a drowsy serenity, all cares forgotten in a pleasant langor. Then from the minaret of the mosque built with the indifference of ignorance among the very ruins of the older religion, comes the call to prayer: "Come to prayer * * * I testify Mohammed is the apostle of God * * * Come to prayer."

Over and over the muezzin calls out his invitation and men along the banks, their ablutions finished, bow themselves in the direction of Mecca. They stoop and straighten again in the various postures of their prayer, zealous to conform to their prophet's teachings—but the women keep up their gossip over their water jars, not sharing in any way in the devotions of the hour.

In the town, men put off their shoes and enter the mosque for prayer, but no woman is allowed in a mosque at the time of prayer. She may pray in private, if she will, and the hearts of many women must cruely cry out at times to a merciful God, but they are not wanted in the congregation of a mosque.

You to whom your church is a place of fellowship with your God and your friends, where your spirit is uplifted in united prayer, where your soul is fed with the Bread of Life, remember that your Mohammedan sister cannot say with you: "I was glad when they said unto me; let us go up unto the house of the Lord."

Once again we find sadness creeping into Egypt's beauty, so leave the river, beside which the minoret points an impotent finger to heaven. Come away to the fascination of Cairo's bazzars, where merchants sit cross-legged in their tiny shops along the narrow streets. See the gleam of brass where the sun strikes through the colored awning. Rich hued rugs are spread to view in another place, and the street of Scarlet Slippers is bright with its gay, turned-up-at-the-point leather shoes. An old man swings his incense burner to purify true believers. A fat man girt about with an apron of bright red stripes, clinks his brass cups invitingly as he waddles alone

THE EGYPTIAN MAN.

1. A group of Egyptian scenes about the market place—many unemployed in groups. 2. The Fellah or Farmer. "The harvest is great and the laborers are few," showing the abundance of the soil. In non-Christian lands production of soil is not brought to its possibilities. 3. Here is shown students having had influence of Christian education. 4. A common scene at a railway station in Egypt. 5. "A Water Carrier." He will soon be blind as his bandaged eyes indicate.

under his huge glass jar of cooling lemonade. A string of camels padding down the narrow street sends pedestrians scurrying to right and left, and brings a burst of vituperation from the carrier whose goat skin full of water has been jostled. Veiled women ride by on donkeys, or slip along the street, their bare ankles a curious contrast to their veiled faces.

What will you buy? Perfumes from Araby? Silver embroidery from the Upper Country? Delicate filigree in gold? Bowls of hammered brass? Tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl? Silks? Rugs? Antiques? There is much to choose from. But wait just a moment. Move aside from the strange, little procession coming through the crowd. A few men wearily chant a minor melody drowned ever and anon by the shrill lamentations of the women who wave blue scarfs in the air or beat their breasts. What is it? Can you see? A rough wooden bier covered with a shawl is borne by, a woman's head-dress flopping awkwardly from the upright wooden post at the head. Bystanders give one look, and are uninterested. It's only a girl's funeral. A man's might draw forth pious expressions of regret, but what is a girl? Still, somewhere, a mother's heart is breaking. How would you comfort her?

The Koran does not teach that woman has no soul, but popular belief does not give woman a place in paradise which is described always in terms of man's delight only. Egypt weeps for her daughters and cannot be comforted.

Oh Egypt, Egypt. Fascinating, beautiful, wonderful, yet infinitely sad with the sadness of long generations of heart-aching women. But there is waiting for her, ready for the claiming, the promise: "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

A GEOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF EGYPT.

By Mrs. R. B. Jamison.

"EGYPT, THE land of the Pharaohs!" how many times these words have been uttered by tourists and missionaries as they have stood before the pyramids for the first time, gazed into the silent cold stone face of the Sphinx, or journeyed past the fallen statues of Rameses the Second on their way to the temple of the sacred bulls at Sakkara. What a past Egypt has had! But we will leave that to those who delight to delve into her earth or explore her ancient temples, we must be concerned about her wonderful present and her grand and glorious future.

Egypt, including the peninsula of Sinai, has an area of 424,600 square miles, but the real, habitable Egypt is only 12,976 square miles and the area actually under cultivation is only 9,163 square miles. So although it exceeds France and Germany together in extent, yet we see that of its total area more than 98 per cent is desert land.

Where then, do its vast multitude live? Oh if you could only come and see! They are not in modern, up-to-date Cairo and Alexandria, housed in elegant buildings, with access to all the free, fresh air that God intended for them. They are huddled in the hundreds of nameless little mud villages all over Egypt's valley, living in common quarters with the donkeys and buffalo, cows, the chickens, geese, and goats. There is a population in the whole country of 12,000,000 with only 700,000 in Cairo and 400,000 in Alexandria and a large percentage of these are of European origin, so we can readily see that the real people of the real Egypt are living in squalor, ignorance and superstition.

How you would enjoy the trip from Alexandria to Assouan, for Egypt is truly beautiful! As the train pulls out of Alexandria, you would see vast stretches of salty marsh land, but before long you would be riding through such beautiful green fields in the wonderful delta of the Nile. For four hours you would enjoy this or until you reached Cairo, then from there on, you would still see green fields, but the valley grows percepitably narrower and from Cairo to your destination, you would not be out of sight of the ragged sandy hills that skirt the valley on both sides. The rich wonderful coloring would make an artist rave for it is not to be found everywhere. Only the glorious sunlight of Egypt could cast the hazy, amethystine shades over those hills, and with the cloudless blue sky above, the chocolate-brown earth beneath, the fresh, vivid green patches of clover all around, and the deep muddy river, smooth as glass, one has a picture that artists covet. In fact it is this vivid coloring due to atmospheric conditions, that constitutes Egypt's beauty.

Herodotus has said, "Egypt is the gift of the Nile," and truly "Everything shall live whithersoever the River cometh," for it is due to this wonderful river that Egypt can produce so much. Rising, as it does, far south of us and spreads a fine, rich fertilizing sediment all over the land. However, a large amount of this water is conserved by the huge dams which the British Government has built, and is let out only so much at a time into the numerous canals that run like veins through the land.

The three great products of Egypt are cotton, wheat and corn, but this is primarily a cotton country. Then the fresh vegetable which you all enjoy during the summer months only, we have access to a much longer period of time and our variety is just as great, due to the introductions that have been made, for we can have our choice of melons, cucumbers, tomatoes, egg plant, vegetable marrow, garlic, cabbage, celery, radishes, lettuce, spinach, onions, okra, pumpkins, turnips, carrots, beets, beans, peas and lentils. Our chief fruits are dates, figs, grapes, apricots, oranges, bananas and limes.

The Nile valley is also a veritable flower bed for we enjoy the most beautiful roses the year round as well as many of the flowers familiar to you at home. As you might ride through an orange grove, the sweet seented orange flowers wholly make up for all the disagreeable odors around you, and their name is Legion. The apricot groves furnish our peach blossoms and when the fool (a kind of bean) is in bloom, you might imagine yourself as breathing in the perfume from a huge field of sweet peas.

Then you have heard of the famous Egyptian climate, but you must remain here a whole year to appreciate it thoroughly. It is uniform in that we have no great variations of temperature such as you have in America; and it is dry, thus making our heat less oppressive than even that of sunny Kansas. Yet it is this deadly sameness of climate that is so hard on the health of the missionary. The average maximum temperature for 1916 was 86.4 degrees. During only three months of the year do we have what we call "cold weather." Yet in Assiut, where we have the coldest weather of all, during the winter the minimum average temperature for January, 1916, was 41.4 degrees. Most of the other nine months are decidedly warm. The average minimum temperature for June in Assiut was 99.4 degrees. But I fear that many who come to Egypt during the winter months are much disgusted with our climate because of the absence of fire in our stone houses, and if they should chance to be here during our windy spring days, they would be so filled with dust that they would feel like turning their backs on us forever, hence, I say, a whole year is only a fair way to sample our climate. We have cold weather here, yes, very cold, but that is mostly indoors. Get out into the sun for a stroll and you'll find it delightful. And we have wind, too, from April to October, but it is a great asset to the boatmen, who must depend on it for their motive power on the river and big canals. However, our unpleasant winds are those known as the Khamsin, which blow in from the desert a day or two at a time during the fifty days before the summer solstice. These winds are like the breath of an oven and carry great clouds of dust which is driven into every crack and crevice. There is no escape from these storms for you can see, feel, smell and taste dust and it leaves the house looking like the desert.

Of the industries of the world, Egypt's most important is agriculture, for as we have already seen, she is primarily a farming country with cotton as the chief crop. As you would ride through the country you would see the scantily clad fellah, or farmer, working in his fields early and late. True enough he does not exert himself to any great extent, but his farm implements are crude and he must plod at it to get his work done in season. Although the most of Egypt's imports must be food stuffs, yet we find rude grinding mills all over the country, some sugar factories, some molasses boilers, etc. Then we find men making the pretty red slippers worn by the natives, or we see some weaving baskets of all sorts or making wool rugs. Even the little boys are peck, peck, pecking away at brass carving, but alas! so many of the women sit in the dirt and gossip while the babies and flies swarm around them.

This is but a brief sketch of the land of Egypt, her industries and produce, the general conditions that prevail. It gives the back ground of the missionary's life here. In spite of many inconveniences, the lack of much that he had considered as absolutely essential in America, the wearing sameness of the climate, the unreasonable demands, from an occidental point of view made upon his personal habits and life, yet there is much that is beautiful, much worthy of admiration and it is not long until his love for his adopted home-land becomes in fact a part of himself.

LIFE IN EGYPT.

By Helen J. Martin.

YOU HAVE read in the preceeding articles something about the geography of the land of Egypt and its appearance. I want to tell you now a little about the people who live in it and how they live.

Egypt is first of all an agricultural country, and yet you see no farm houses, with their barns and granaries and silos, such as we are familiar with in America. The farmers all live in villages within walking distance of the lands which they cultivate. But what a contrast between these villages and our American village with its neat painted houses, and its tall trees, and green lawns, and bright flower gardens, and more than all the absence of the congested conditions to be found in cities. Not one of these things will you find in an Egyptian village, unless perhaps there may be a few palm trees. The houses are built close together, along narrow streets—many of them too narrow to allow a carriage to pass—not a scrap of a yard, or a vegetable or flower garden anywhere. Most of the houses are one story, built of sun-dried mud brick plastered over with mud with one door, and possibly an opening in the wall to serve as a window. Often only one room is under roof, but the wall encloses a small court that is shared equally by the buffalo cow, the donkey, several goats, a number of scrawny, half-feathered chickens, and the family—and if the family is Christian you may add the pig.

Perhaps there may be several larger houses, two-storied, plastered on the outside, tinted with a color wash in some shade of pink, or blue, or yellow, and having glass windows. In one of these better houses the omdeh, or mayor, of the village lives.

From a distance, the village may be picturesque in appearance, especially if it is in the midst of a grove of date palms, but to a Western eye it looks more like a heap of ruins than a group of human dwelling houses.

In such villages, with populations of from 500 to 5000 each, five-sevenths of the 12,000,000 people of Egypt live. The other two-sevenths live in larger towns and in the two large cities of Alexandria and Cairo, with their populations of about 400,000 and 700,000 respectively. These towns and cities have a life very different from that to be found in the villages, but the same conditions that we have seen in the villages can be found among the very poor in sections of even the largest cities.

The fellah, or farmer, is commonly of the poorest and most ignorant class, although some few have gained a considerable amount of wealth and some are now seeking education. During the growing and harvest seasons he works in the fields from daylight until dark, clad in a cotton shirt and loose, baggy trousers. On his head he wears a close skull cap of a sort of course brown felt, or of embroidered cotton. When he goes off to market or appears about the towns, he adds the blue galabeya, a coat-like garment that covers him from neck to heels. It is of a stout blue cotton material in appearance very much like the navy linen that was used so much at home for girls' Peter Thompson dresses. This blue garment is so characteristic of the fellah that it is said that Lord Cromer always spoke of them as "the people of the blue galabeya."

The wife of the fellah often wears the same sort of baggy trousers as her husband, and over them from one to four or five long loose dresses—usually black—that trail behind her in the dust. If she is very poor she need not wear the veil, but she may when she goes out, wear a large shawl, like a square of black cloth which covers her from head to foot, and which she draws across her face when she meets a man. You will often see her at the side of the river or canal doing the family washing; or meet her in the road with a huge load on her head, and a baby astride her shoulder or hidden under her shawl; or in the evening, you may pass her with a group of her neighbors, each with a water jar on her head, going to the river to bring water for the use of the household.

We have looked at the village from the outside but we have not yet entered the house of the fellah, and really it is not a very pleasant place to visit, although you would be cordially welcomed. It is likely to be filthy beyond description and almost destitute of furniture, and if you escape without forming a close acquaintance with fleas, and other even less pleasant insects, you will be unusually fortunate. If the family is one of the poorest, a coarse rush mat will be laid on the ground for you to sit upon. Or there may be rough divans of wood, or crate-like affairs built of the stems of palm branches. These also serve as the family bedsteads, although the choice spot for sleeping in cold weather is the top of the oven which is built into the room.

The housekeeping is not very elaborate. The principal meal of the day is just after sunset. Aside from that there are no regular meal hours. The family eat when they are hungry. The diet consists chiefly of bread and vegetables, such as leeks, beans, and lentils. The bread is baked in a flat round loaf, with two thin crusts and hollow in the middle. It can be opened at one side and all the rest of one's lunch—olives, cheese, beans, and what not—put inside for safe carrying if one is going on a journey. They eat little meat. The meal is served on a large tray, supported by a low stand. The family sit around it on the ground and eat from a common dish, dipping up the vegetable stew, or whatever the dish may be, with small pieces of bread.

But it would be neither true nor just to leave you with the impression that this is all of Egypt.

The life of the people in the towns and cities has been much modified by contact with foreigners. In many homes, even of the homes of the poor you will find an iron bedstead, a chest of drawers, and perhaps a chair or two; while the homes of the wealthy are elaborately furnished in European fashion, instead of having only the rich rugs and low divans that constituted most of the furniture of an old time oriental house of wealth.

Most of the men who have had even a little Western education, wear European clothes, but still cling to the tarboush as the national head dress. Those of wealth and position who prefer the native costume, wear beautiful silk robes, and over them long cloaks of broadcloth, often in exquisite colors, sometimes the silk and broadcloth in contrasting colors, sometimes in different tones of the same color. On the head, instead of the tarboush, they wear a close fitting red felt cap, with a white scarf wrapped around it.

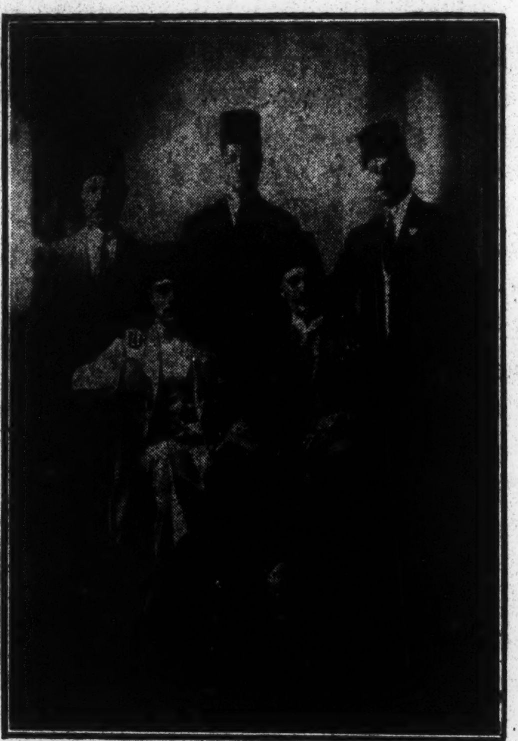
The women have been less ready to adopt Western dress. The street dress is of black silk, often very beautiful and graceful. The thin white veil, which is the present mode with the high class women, does not really hide the face, but only makes many a woman look interesting who without it would be very commonplace. The thicker black veil worn by the women of the middle class is much more effective in really concealing.

As a rule, the higher a woman's class the less freedom she has. But the new desire for the education of women has brought changes, and will bring still greater changes as a new generation of educated women grows up. The opportunities seized or lost at the present time will decide largely what will be the type of this new generation of educated women.

THE EGYPTIAN—THE MAN.

By Rev. E. E. Elder, Zagazig, Egypt.

TO ANALYZE or describe the composite Egyptian is a precarious adventure. One hesitates to hazard generalities about twelve million individuals, when one's personal experience does not go beyond the thousands. I well remember venturing to assert before a Seminary professor that it does not hail in Upper Egypt. Imagine my surprise when he said that although he had only been in Egypt a few months, he had been in rather a severe hailstorm near Luxor. If I contradict, deny, or controvert some gentle reader's experience with Mr. Egyptian, will she please pardon the transgression and remember that I have not made acquaintance yet with all the millions. Egypt has many distinctive features, and her people have many peculiar traits, but the longer you know them, the more firmly are you convinced that they have not been cast from a mould.



THE EGYPTIAN MANHOOD.
These five young men are Moslems. One now is a convert to Christianity.

But someone says, "Surely their features are essentially Semitic." Yes, sometimes you will find a man who seems to have stepped out of the family Bible. Or again you see a long narrow headed Copt that harks you back to the time of an Amenhphis or a Rameses. My third day in Egypt it seemed to me as I looked into the faces of 700 young men, that certainly they were all modelled after one pattern. Since then I have been disillusioning myself. Convince yourself that there is real conformity to type in complection, in facial features, in characteristics in Egypt, and then the next day you happen to meet an old man who is the very picture of Bill Jones who kept the corner grocery. Or perhaps that young woman balancing a jar of water on her head as she comes up from the river looks for all the world like that blushing debutante that you escorted to some banquet when you were a freshman. Then you betake yourself to the native markets where they sell everything from cabbages to camels. Surely here you can get back to the Oriental atmosphere. Watch that girl trying to sell a mirror to an old peasant women—her actions remind you of her gum-chewing colleague behind the department store ribbon counter. The old lady demurs, asking for another kind. "But this kind is the style this year," answers the youthful sales-lady with an air that would dispute the dictums of the Delineator or Harper's Bazar.

When we consider Mr. Egyptian's costume we are rather disconcerted. The Serbs, the Wallachians, and the Czechs may have national costumes that run to embroidery and braid, the Chinese may have his padded coat, the Sudanese his smile and string of beads, but here in Egypt we are amazed at the conglomerations and combinations of clothes. Perhaps nowhere else in the world does a man's wardrobe so reveal his ambition and his ideals. If Carlyle's old Teufelsdrockh should only visit Egypt, he would indeed enjoy himself ruminating over the significance of clothes and their philosophy.

If the Egyptian's face is toward the past, if the fount of his learning is the Azhar, if he is still hopelessly bound by tradition, he wears a turban, a long robe called a "kuftan" and over this a long sweeping coat called a "gibbeh." But if he is at all enchanted by the West, he will evidence the feeling by wearing a European coat or overcoat, or at least one built on that style. There are numerous intermediate stages between this, however, and the effendi who wears European clothes entirely and only differs from Europeans in that he still clings to the Turkish fez. The extreme left even go so far as to adopt the monocle and spats in the exchequer permits.

The Egyptian peasants wear a robe oftentimes blue in color and unique in pattern. They usually adorn their heads with a rough tight fitting felt cap, which sometimes has a few turns of rolled cheese cloth about it showing an attempt at the turban. If the peasant happens to be wearing a dilapidated pair of trousers you may take it for granted that he has mingled with civilization, possibly working for the army. The Egyptian beggar is so peculiar that his costume deserves special mention. As to clothes they seem to be divided into schools of philosophy, the Realistists and the Costumists. The latter heap upon themselves numerous garments seeming bits of crazy-quilts, and on their heads a fools-cap of a bundle of rags until they seem to be waddling haystacks. Their categorical imperative must be "Put on, but never take off." The former class, the Realists are their extreme counterparts. Their axiom seems to be, "Take off and never put on." The ragged garment—almost slit to pieces—which they wear is hardly worthy of mention and makes a directoire gown look like a hoop skirt.

The method of eating in Egypt seems rather crude and primitive to our Western ideas of refinement (?), but the people here have a very sublime contempt for our method of changing implements before every attack on the food. From a utilitarian standpoint they consider knives and forks rather superfluous and deceptive. They hold it better to burn the fingers than the tongue. A story is told of an Arab sheikh who was induced to use a fork. After writhing in pain from a burnt tongue he threw the fork to the ground saying, "Cursed be your father, why didn't you tell me it was hot!" It seems grossly improper to us for people to eat out of a common dish, but there is not as much contamination as one might imagine, for the piece of bread dipped into the dish is all put into the mouth. When it comes to roast chicken the host tears the foul to pieces and you are handed a nice morsel from his hand. But if you have ever eaten the delicious roast chicken of Egypt you are glad to get it no matter how the delivery is made for it is par excellence.

Remember, too, that it is the Egyptian custom to wash immediately before the meal. There is a precise Oriental way for doing it. You sit down for the ordeal, water is poured over your hands and what water flows down into the bowl is never dipped up again. If you reflect on this Oriental manner of purification by pouring instead of rinsing, it may strike you that it is not strange that with our pioneer life we long to forget it. Having water poured over your hands necessitates someone to pour it, and thus the system entails servants to do the pouring. Someday perhaps, some archaeologist will discover for us which is the cause and which the effect, the Oriental custom of ablutions or the necessity of servants.

Perhaps one of the most interesting features about Mr. Egyptian is his language. It is not indigenous, for it came from Arabia, but that has not kept the Egyptian from having a dilect all of his own. Some one has said that the source of every Arabic word ends somewhere around the camel. And it is marvellous that hosts of words almost prove the contention. In speaking of Dives, the Bible says that "he fared sumptiously every day." Now, chase one of the words used in the Arabic translation to depict his luxury, back to its root meaning and you will find that it means "for a camel to go to drink water whenever it wants to." Many phrases and metaphors are similar to English ones. "Necessity is the mother of invention" is also an Arabic proverb. To say, "It's on you," has a tinge of slang about it, but it is not uncommon to hear an Egyptian beggar say, "The breakfast is on you, O Lord!" The first newspaper reporter to speak of a pugilist as having "winged" his opponent, may have thought that he had originated a new idea, but it was only an echo from the Koran—the Procrustean bed of Arabic literature. In Sura 28:32 a Voice tells Moses to draw back his wing. It might be interesting to know that a salary is called a "What is She?" and that a position with hopes of continuous employment is called "a good thing." And when the Egyptian wants to speak of some one as responsible, he speaks of him as "asked." Is there lurking behind this distinction the difference between independence and the inquisition? It is remarkable how absurdly jealous the Moslem is in his grammar for the word of "Allah." No other word in the language is oftener on the lips in curses and oaths, but when it comes to parsing this word in a sentence, if it happens to be governed by some word, far be it from him to say that the Deity is governed so he says instead that the name of Magnificence is governed. The Egyptian has not been backward about inventing onomatoposic words. A hog is often called "haloof," and whoever has listened to a grunting pig's meditations will verify the appelliation. For the barking of a dog, the verb "au" is sometimes used, which certainly has a familiar sound even to those ignorant of Arabic.

Before leaving friend Egyptian we must look at some of his predominent characteristics. First of all there is his far-famed compelling hospitality that is sometimes a problem to the novice. It is hard to learn early the Oriental standpoint. It is 11 a. m. and you would like to get on to the next village by noon, but your host says that you must stay to dinner for everything is ready. Now, he would sacrifice his last penny to treat you properly but don't interpret "ready" to mean that the chicken is turning brown and that the potatoes are boiled. It means that the Egyptian has vision and imagination and that he forcasts with reasonable certainity future events, should you decide to stay. Some might say "Prevarication," but let us rather term it "Procrastination." And if you call at a house, and they tell you that the master is coming, don't expect to see him come bursting into the room. "Coming" like "ready" must be interpreted in terms of the pyramids. After half an hour you may learn that he is coming in the evening, but how impolite it would have been to have turned you away at the door. Or if you are traveling among the villages, don't make the mistake of saying, "How far is it to ———, about two miles?" Ten to one if you have underestimated the distance, you will be answered, "Yes," for they just cannot bear to disappoint you.

"Truth may be like a football, kicked about all day yet round and full at evening," yet out here in Egypt the saying is that she gets rather badly battered. Again, let us look at the Egyptian's standpoint. In America it is a difficult proposition to get even a youngster to admit that he lacks courage, well substitute for courage, knowledge, and you have the essence of Egypt's attitude. It is a much greater disgrace to be called ignorant than to be called a coward, so just as we persuade ourselves that we are not afraid in the face of danger, our Egyptian brother persuades himself that he knows. With that as a basis, is it any wonder that certainty and falsehood get badly mingled.

Our friend is also endowed with a good sense of humor. Listen to his jokes and you hear the same old talk about mother-in-laws, and termagant wives. One can only understand the inconsistences of the state of oppressed womanhood when he gives his Irish wit play. Just the other day some excavating work was going on outside our window. The lot of the women, of course, was to carry the dirt, while the men loafed and loaded. I was interested in the mischievous attempts of one of the women to cause trouble. Once she took aim from behind the wall at one of the men, and scored a bull's eye with her empty basket. He growled, of course, but she made it out to be an accident. I called the little farce, "The Revenge of Oppressed Womanhood," but I imagine that she never thought of herself as a deliverer of her sex, but only as indulging in some good sport.

As I stated at the outset, the more you know our friend, the more you are convinced that you cannot draw rigid lines of distinction between Oriental and Occidental, for exceptions are constantly arising which defy standardization. Kipling's lines, "Oh, the East is East, and the West is West, and never the twain can meet," are often quoted to show the distance between the two in ideas, customs, and hopes, but that is a perversion of the author's spirit, for the stanza closes:

"But there is neither East nor West,
 Border nor Breed nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
 though they come from the ends of the earth."

Missionary work in the Valley of the Nile is demonstrating that the Egyptian can be, not an imitation Westerner, but a real Christian gentleman.

THE EGYPTIANS.

By D. E. Bess.

Mr. Bess is one of our efficient "short-term" teachers in Assiut College. And, dear young friends, who may read this article from the pen of one of our younger workers, and fear to approach this task set for us here in Egypt, let me tell you that it is not our "hustle" and our "get there" ability that is going to win Egypt for Christ but the power of a "transformed life."

—M. Finney, Editor.

"THE EGYPTIANS," wrote an Egyptian youth of some twenty years of age in a recent composition in an English class of Assiut College, "are superior to the American in everything except education, and they will soon have that."

Such a statement, to an eager young American who has come to Egypt convinced that the ancient country of the

Nile is backward, and needs help, is a blow between the eyes. He begins to wonder whether these people are so badly in need of him as he had thought.

The Egyptian mind is fundamentally opposed to the American mind; however, they have one thing in common: a belief in their own superiority. The Egyptian looks askance at those very American characteristics which we fondly believe to be our best points. We pride ourselves upon our "hustle" and "get-there" ability, while the Egyptian regards it as clear sign of insanity. An Egyptian doctor, calling on a patient, never thinks of mentioning illness until he has visited half-an-hour. A certain young American missionary who was put in charge of construction work, was almost driven out of his mind with impatience at the leisurely methods of Egyptian workmen. The workmen, on the other hand, thought him very foolish indeed for wanting to make more speed than was being made.

The famous American directness, upon which we so greatly pride ourselves, is considered contemptuously by the Egyptian. "These Americans are entirely without politeness," they say. Egyptian boys cannot understand why business letters should not open with half a page of fulsome greetings, and close with another half page of elaborate farewells. Theirs do that very thing. "What will a person think of you, writing thus without greetings?" they ask. One occasionally hears murmurs of discontent in America if the presiding officer takes more than thirty seconds to introduce the speaker of the evening, but in Egypt the introduction is fully as important as the speech itself. "How-do?" is sufficient for a street-greeting in America, but an Egyptian has an elaborate system of question and answers for each casual meeting. The Egyptian regards the American newly-arrived in his country as lacking in most of the essentials of good breeding.

Our good-natured contempt for customs, for tradition, is absolutely incomprehensible to the Egyptian. "Your country is very young," he excuses us. "Perhaps you have not yet learned that the ages are all-wise." When the eager American attempts some change in Egyptian custom, he strikes a stone-wall. "It is our custom" is the Golden Rule of Egyptian conduct.

American missionaries, young and filled with a desire to give freely of what they have always believed to be their superior advantages, come to Egypt, and start at once to pour out of their store to the "needy" Egyptians. The Egyptian, regarding the eager one from America with polite tolerance, calmly and logically argues with him concerning the superiority of one and all of his professed benefits. "These things perhaps seem good to you," he says, "but to us, with the knowledge of ages behind us, they seem not so good. Perhaps after the centuries have passed, you also will believe as we do." The chagrined young missionary, bewildered and doubtful for the first time of his American superiority, is forced to hasty analysis of his "blessings," and the examination proves good for his soul after the first bemazement has passed, although it is usually very hard on his patience.

"Your own proverb tells us that 'haste makes waste,'" the Egyptian reminds him. "We move slowly in this country, and scrutinize a thing for a long time before we accept it."

When the young American reflected for a time on this pronouncement, he sees that there is a great deal of truth in it, and he settles down to study with something of the Egyptian's leisureliness, his environment and needs, and gradually becomes content with the slow and very gradual improvement and change which is the only kind that the Egyptian will consider as at all worth while.

The young missionary who desires to "set the world on fire" had better not come to Egypt, because missionary processes here are smoldering ones, very slow, with much smoke and almost no clearly seen fire, but when one looks at the matter from the view-point of centuries, as the Egyptians look, a very effective process, after all.

SOME SUPERSTITIONS OF THE EGYPTIANS.

By Rev. W. P. Gilmor.

MY INTEREST in the superstitions of the Egyptian was first aroused by an incident in the school. The American director desiring more unison in the chapel singing led the singing and beat time. But alas his hand was wide spread and as, with palm facing the audience, he moved it backward and forward, it was to them the hand of cursing. Pupils who knew the director's innocence could not resist coming to the Egyptian teachers and asking why their director cursed them. Literally they said, "Why does he five us?" Later the same director was leading the singing at a Children's Day exercise. Many women of the more ignorant class were present and it was with difficulty some of the more advanced sisters persuaded them that the innocent American was not taking advantage of position and occasion to show his contempt for them by "fiving" them thus publicly.

The hand is one of the most common symbols of superstition. It is difficult to determine whether in different forms it has a different significance. On the axle of a new wagon, on a white donkey or white horse hand prints of a reddish color are seen. The hand has perhaps been dipped in henna. It looks like a hand print of blood. One is reminded of the blood sprinkled on the door posts of the Jewish homes that the Angel of Death might pass over. Questioning reveals that the Egyptian believes that the sprinkling on the door posts appeared thus. It would seem but a short step from thinking that since this sign was effective against the Angel of Death it would still be effective against the evil eye.

As you pass along the street you will note that scarcely a carriage horse is without the little brass hand (khemesa) attached to the bridle or some other part of the harness. Most of the drivers would insist that it was only decoration. However, you may rest assured that he feels more secure against the evil since it is attached to his horse's harness. Pass in the narrow streets of a native quarter even in the large cities and you will notice a long wooden arm with the spread fingers of the hand, nailed to the corner of a house. Or perhaps over the door a tin hand is hung.

This symbol is called a "khemesa," from the root meaning five. Whether this is a different hand from that where it is only an imprint, is a point not easy to determine. Authorities differ and people questioned do not give much light. One legend tells that Mohammed defended himself against the envious eyes of a woman by stretching out his arm with palm toward the woman and at the same time repeating a certain portion of the Koran. The dart of envy was warded off and passed between two of his fingers and broke a nail in a nearby tree. There is another hand symbol in which instead of the fingers being separated widely the hand appears with the fingers and thumb perfectly straight and no space appearing between them. It is known as "Kaf Fatma," the palm of Fatma. This has a better significance. Tradition says that a bad spirit never entered Fatma. There was peace between her and the evil spirits. When one wears this hand any place about his person it is as if he had said to the evil spirit, "There is peace between us."

There are a great many other superstitions rife among the people of this land. One can scarcely become acquainted with all the different beliefs that the people of this land are bound by. Arabic books without number can be bought from which the people learn all kinds of magic and spell working. There are few works in English that can be depended upon by one who wishes to make a study of this subject. The classic would be "Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptian," by E. W. Lane. This book though old is perhaps the best work one can find. For superstition as related to Islam there is no better commentary than "Lane's Arabian Nights Entertainment" with notes.

Superstitious belief is not confined to any one nationality, religion, or race that is found in Egypt. Many of the southern Europeans are as superstitious as their Egyptian neighbors. Many superstitions peculiar to Egypt are neither Mohammedan nor Coptic but have come down from the ancient Egyptian. The Mohammedan and Copts hold many of the same superstitions with different terminology, e. g., the spirit world of the Muslim is people with jinn, the spirit world of the Copt angels.

The more educated and advanced Egyptian is ashamed of the superstitions and quickly disclaims any faith in such beliefs. To a degree this is true. Ignorance and superstition go hand in hand, yet when you think how many people there are in our own enlightened land who will not sit down with thirteen at a table, it is not strange that in this land where barely ten per cent are educated, they slowly give up their faith in superstition. The women are the least educated and the husband tells you he has no faith in superstitions, yet at the time of the birth of one of his children he will observe any superstition that is commonly held. If questioned he will insist that he did it to please his wife. In a measure this is true for it would not be pleasant for him if he failed to observe any superstitious requirement and harm came to the child.

The women of Egypt are steeped in superstitions. If a harem worker is acquainted with these beliefs many actions can be understood, many lessons driven home that might otherwise be lost, because the harem worker knows the angle from which the mind of her pupil works. And it is in this phase of the uplift and education that superstition and its great harm will be overcome rather than through education of the mind. The heart that is taught of God, that has learned His ways, is the heart that is truly freed from the dark bondage that superstition hold over its victims.

EGYPTIAN CUSTOMS.

By Mrs. S. G. Hart, Zagazig, Egypt.

IT HAS been said, that if we could picture the opposite of our own manners and customs, we might call this picture a representation of the manners and customs of the Egyptian people. This may be saying rather too much, but to the new-comer it seems quite so. Where would one find a merchant in

America offering a cup of coffee to someone, yes, to any one who might come into his store to look at his goods? Where would you find rich or poor or both; stop their work to look at and discuss a stranger who happened to come in their midst? Seeming to forget their own duties. It is the custom in this country for the women to do the hardest of the work, if they belong to the poor class, otherwise they do very little but gossip. Seldom one finds a wealthy woman giving real help to the needy. But whether rich or poor, these women are the servants of their so-called husbands who are really their masters, doing his bidding, and experience teaches them that it is better for them to wait his time, if they have any request to make of him.

Yesterday I was visiting a little woman who told me that she had been so frightened by the receipt of a telegram, which she feared was from some of her home people and perhaps was bringing her bad news, but her husband told her that the telegram was from some friend of his and went out saying that he must send a suitable reply to it. But she was left to wonder and to fear the worst while he would use his judgment as to what she should know about the whole matter. The Egyptian people never like to tell bad news. It is their custom to equivocate or keep silent rather than to communicate sad news. A young girl was calling on us this morning and told us that while she was absent from her home, her aunt, who had always lived with them, had passed away, although but a short distance from home, her family had never sent her any word of her aunt's death. In sickness the people trust to charms of many different kinds, to restore them to health and often times wear them to prevent sickness or to keep off the evil eyes. When one thinks that she is possessed of an evil spirit she will resort to the most severe means to dispel it and that at any cost; paying large sums of money and subjecting the body to severe penance, hoping to be relieved of the evil spirit. (Would that such would allow themselves to believe that our Savior could speak the word and given relief).

Another custom of the people is, as they say, to hide their girls when they begin to grow. A girl of nine, ten, eleven, or twelve years may disappear from the school or from the street and upon inquiry it is found that she has been forbidden to go out as she has grown large enough to be betrothed. No amount of persuasion will cause them to break over their custom and after a few months of this shut in life, they begin to ask for medicine for the girl as the color has gone from her face and the cheer from her poor young heart.

The clever way the people have of begging will be seen from the following incident. After examining the work of the janitor of the church, this morning, and finding it rather better done than usual I gave him the price of his dinner by way of encouragement; he looked at me and said, "Are you not going to give my child clothes for the winter? You see the weather is very cold and he does not have clothes to keep him warm, my salary is not sufficient and I am expecting something from you." An excuse seemed to make no impression upon him, and he walked down the stairs thanking me for the gift that he was expecting and claiming from me.

It is the custom for the men to always keep their heads covered, whether in church, on the street or in the home. And the women wear as much jewelry as they can get, they do not go on the street without a covering and a veil, and are careful to not appear where there are strangers, especially men. In the house the wife serves the husband in every way, she prepares the food and serves him first, afterward she and the children will eat. He makes all decisions for her even to choosing the calico for her dress, she in turn is expected to receive any gift, whatsoever it may be, with gratitude.

Customs decides the time for fasting and the time for feasting. It is not the custom to attend the church services for one year after the death of a relative, but at the time of the first feast following the death, it is the custom to make great preparations of food, and take it to the cemetery, to give to the poor who will be collected there in expectation. This is done in honor of the departed.

It is the custom to make great rejoicing at the time of weddings and great mournings at the time of deaths, to rejoice over the birth of a son and to keep silent over the birth of a daughter. These are some of the customs of our Egyptian friends, but we are hoping, praying and working for another custom to be established—that of recognizing our Savior as Lord of lords and King of kings and vowing allegiance to Him.

THE COPTS.

By Mrs. H. E. Philips.

PERHAPS FEW of us know that the Copts comprise the small remnant of the ancient Egyptian race and the old national church of Egypt. The Greeks called Egypt (Aguptos) which later became simply Gupt. We also have dropped the first syllable in modern English when speaking of the people who are descended from the ancients and have changed the G to C corresponding to the Arabic spelling. Hence the people became Copts.

To all students of the church history the story of the founding of the church in Egypt is familiar. There was an important Jewish Colony in Egypt in the days of our Lord, and with this colony Mary and Joseph took refuge with the infant Saviour, probably in ancient Babylon on the site of Old Cairo today. From that day to this "My Lady Mary" is known and honored among all Copts, many churches being dedicated to her. Ignorant Copts today who may not be able to tell you who is the Saviour of the world and the Head of the Church, know well the Virgin; yet Mariolitry is not so strong as it is in the Roman Catholic Church.

Not long after the death of our Lord, the Evangelist, St. Mark, made his first visit to Egypt. It is thought that St. Peter also came with him. Indeed Egyptian tradition claims Mark as a native of Egypt whose family had migrated to Palestine. Mark's first convert is said to have been Annianus, a shoemaker of Alexandria, who was consecrated first bishop or Patriarch of Alexandria.

The most momentous theological questions of the early Christian era were waged on Egyptian soil and from Egypt came such illustrious men of the early church as Demetrius, Pantaenus, Clement, Origen and Athanasius. In Alexandria was the first Christian theological college—the famous Catechetical School. In Egypt occurred some of the greatest heresies and schisms of the early church. Here, Aruis, the first Unitarian made his fiercest attacks against the Patriarch of Alexandria and his flock, and caused the first persecution of one Christian sect by another. No Christians in the Roman Empire endured more severe persecution than the Egyptian Christians and the Coptic Church today honors a long list of saints who suffered martyrdom under Roman Emperors.

Perhaps the most popular saint of Egypt today is St. George, the picture of whom killing the Dragon was recently presented to us by a Coptic Priest. The Egyptian legend makes Diocletian the Dragon while St. George was a young Christian officer, esteemed by the Emperor, but so bold as to openly declare himself a Christian, and so brave as to defend the faith and convert one of the Emperor's wives, who had been delegated to seduce him. The personality of George is so shadowed by myth and fable that his identity has not been clearly established, although many think he was the Arian (Unitarian) bishop of Alexandria.

A few churches of this period still exist in Egypt. It was my privilege to visit one at Baliana a short time ago. This underground church was said by the priest who showed it to us to be about 1500 years old. It was interesting to note that the ground plan of the ancient church was practically the same as that of modern Coptic churches, the dowed roof being supported by two rows of great pillars, which divide the church into thirds. One side was separated from the rest by a carved and painted wooden screen, for the temple or Sanctuary which contains the altar and is the place where the priest conducts mass. Two tiny wooden windows on each side the screen were said to be there for the purpose of secretly informing the deacons and priest when the enemy was approaching so they might hide the bread and wine in a secret underground passage. These little windows are still retained in the "hegab" or screen of the modern church. There was a very small screened gallery at the back of the church, raised a little from the main floor, used for women. The church contains many old pictures brought from Jerusalem, and an ancient reading desk.

A BLIND BIBLE WOMAN.
Convert from Coptic Church.

Subsequent to the Roman persecutions the Copts endured further indignities at the hands of the Moslem Kaliphas, so that from the earliest days this ancient church has known very little freedom of worship. At times church priests refused to give up the weekly communion although the use of wine was forbidden. A substitute was made by soaking raisins and boiling them. This muddy looking juice is still sometimes used.

It is a matter of deep regret that though the Coptic church has not retained the purity of the early Christian era but the wonder is that even a formal Christianity survived. Hundreds of Christians became Moslems and some continue to apostatize each year but there community in Egypt. The majority of these are Christian in name only. They ofen say in a conciliating manner, "Christians and Moslems are one—there is no difference between us," and there is too much sad truth in their statement. On the other hand one constantly and increasingly meets individuals who give evidence of a living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Copts like the Catholics have the following sacraments:

Baptism.
Confirmation.
Marriage.
Ordination.
Confession.
Lord's Supper.
Extreme Unction.

Young babes are baptized with the triune immersion. Divorce is practically unknown among Copts. Concerning the Lord's Supper, Copts are transsubstantiationists, that is they believe the bread and wine actually became the flesh and blood of the Lord.

Confession is not overdone as in the Catholic Church. Among enlightened Copts it often amounts to a friendly chat with the priest about spiritual or other matters in the presence of members of the family. One distinct point of difference between the Coptic and Catholic churches is that the Copts, theoretically at least, accept the authority of the Holy Scriptures. It is on this basis that Protestant missionaries are able to work among Copts and the word of God is surely doing its work of quickening this ancient church. There is a Coptic Y. M. C. A. which calls itself "Friends of the Bible," some of whose leaders at least, are regenerate, spiritual and progressive young men. One of its secretaries, a personal friend of ours, prepares the Bible Studies. The present study deals with the subject of "Sin" beginning with its history in Genesis and tracing it right through the Bible.

The head of the Coptic Church is the Patriarch, who is chosen by a college of Bishops and monks. The present Patriarch, Carullus, is over 90 years old and he has great influence and power in the church. The patriarch and bishops are monks but the priests are married men.

The Copts make much of their fasts and they seem to fast much of the time, at such times no meat or fats are eaten. Keeping the fast strictly is a work of great merit. Much fasting, prayer and alms giving are supposed to ensure salvation. The Copt does not believe in Salvation as a free gift of God's grace as we do but, in Salvation by grace and works.

I have spoken of the Coptic worship of St. George, or Mari Girgis, as he is called here. It was our privilege to visit the monastery of Mari Girgis in Upper Egypt during the great feast which lasts about five days in the month of November. Thousands of people were present coming usually by Nile boats for many miles. The monastery itself is built on the edge of the desert and surrounded by an ancient cemetery. Outside the walls, small merchants displayed their wares for sale—sweet potatoes, peanuts, fruits, vegetables, spices, etc., were for sale. It all reminded one of a great market. Inside the walled closure were rooms curtained off by great sheep's wool blankets for women and families. These tents are arranged for families or communities. The men sleep outside in the open when it is a community tent.

One priest had a beautiful gay oriental tent but most of the rooms were small, dirty enclosures. There were also the same curtained divisions inside the two rooms of the church and as there were only tiny ventilators at the top the air was most foul. The stench and dirt were sickening. It was the most disgusting glimpse I ever had of the Copts. There is only one well of water for all and as far as one could see no sanitary arrangements.

Four priests live at the monastery. These act as hosts for the great crowds. They were friendly to us and we were able to hold several meetings for men and women. There was such confusion all around that it seemed like haranguing a crowd at a county fair but we met many friends from our own district who heard the word gladly.

The Copts number about three-quarters of a million, and if they were a live church they would be a mighty weapon in the hand of God among the Moslem population of Egypt.

MOHAMMEDANISM.

By Mrs. J. W. Acheson, Cairo, Egypt.

THOSE WHO visit the East often say to the missionary, "I do not believe in your work among these people; why not leave them alone. Their faith in one God is good enough for them. They are very devout; why try to teach them a different religion."

Why has a special call been sounded for workers among the Muslims? Why is Islam inadequate to meet man's spiritual, moral, intellectual and social needs?

In reply let us see what the Orthodox Mohammedan really believes. He must believe in one God, angels both good and evil, the Koran, Prophets, Day of Judgment, and the Predestination of good and evil.

The Koran speaks of the loving kindness of God, of God, the Merciful and Compassionate. These are not the main ideas, however, and when a Mohammedan thinks of God he thinks rather of a God of fear and might rather than a God of mercy. To him a God of love is well-nigh impossible. He is a God apart from man, with no interest in man's betterment of character or the uplifting of his ideals. He is a God who delights in vengeance; a Judge who sits on a high throne. It matters not to Him if one is an infidel, another a believer; one man wicked, another good. The belief in such a Deity results in fatalism. Man's spiritual nature cannot grow. Nothing can change, nothing is expected to change, not even man's sinful nature. Islam recognizes sin and denounces it but it calls not for reform but retribution. Repentance is not sorrow for sin but only regret because of the punishment. When the sinner has suffered the penalty of his sin he is restored to God's favor without change of character.

With such an idea of God it is little

wonder that they believe that there are angels who intercede for mankind. Angels have life, speech and reason, but are inferior to the prophets. The angel who records our good deeds stands on our right hands, the one who records the evil on the left. So a devout Mohammedan will never spit to the right. After a person is buried he is cross-examined by two angels and if he cannot answer satisfactorily they torture him. The Jinn are a species of angel. There are good and evil Jinn who exercise a wonderful influence over the every-day life of all Mohammedans. They have transparent bodies which can assume different shapes and may become visible. They eat, drink, and marry—they may even marry human beings. There are different evil Jinn who cause losses, calamities, injuries, debauchery, lies, and hatred especially between husband and wife. They often appear to man as cats, dogs, serpents, or human beings. The Jinn love to inhabit baths, empty houses, wells, and mountains. When entering an empty house or drawing water Mohammedans make it a point to address the Jinn, "By your permission, ye blessed." The Jinn listen to the conversation of angels about future things decreed by God and will reveal these to man by means of certain charms. All manner of charms are used to propitiate the evil Jinn. As a protection against them Muslims will invariably say, "In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate" when opening a money drawer or store-room. The women will sprinkle salt about a cupboard to keep the Jinn from stealing the food. The daily life of the people is full of fear because of their real belief in the Jinn, and all kinds of practices are used to secure themselves against them. The more you know of their lives the more astonished you are to see how real these fears are especially among the women.

The holy book of the Mohammedans is the Koran. The sheikhs commit it to memory and even the little children in school use no other text-book. Portions of it are recited at funerals, weddings and feasts. Certain chapters are copied, tied up in small leather pouches and used as charms to ward off sickness, and cure headaches, called Hegab.

When calling upon our neighbors who had lost a relative we were given a seat just near the blind sheikha who was reciting the Koran. She sat cross-legged on a black-covered divan and swayed from side to side keeping time to the rhythm and she gave the words a peculiar intonation by placing her hand to the side of her mouth. She did not seem pleased with the presence of Christians and stopped to smoke some cigarettes, but after much persuasion began again. Her shouting seemed to bring little comfort to the sad-hearted women.

They believe in many prophets. Mohammed is the last and best of the prophets, and surplants all others.

Their idea of the Judgment Day is fearful indeed. Two angels will examine everyone including Jinn and animals and they will report to God. A very large place is given to the judgment scene in the Koran. They believe in the literal resurrection of the body, everlasting life of physical joy or torture. A true believer is promised paradise which is a place of sensual delight. Hell is a place of fearful heat and boiling water where terrible punishment will be meted out especially to the infidel. It seems to be the teaching that every Muslim must spend some time in hell.

What is woman's place in the future life? Not much is said about it, but Mohammed did say that a woman who is a true believer may enter paradise. You feel, however, that the women have no future hope of joy or peace. All is a blank. They mourn as if this life ended all. One can never forget the wailing before the burial and after the body is taken from the home. We went to visit the home where a little child had died, and although it was a month since the death they were weeping. The mother had moved to another house because she would not live where her child had died. She had been crying most of the time, eating scarcely nothing and sleeping very little. She had pulled out most of her hair. It was a fine chance to talk of heaven and the future life as she was a pupil of the Bible woman and very friendly. How bitter the family were! They cursed even their own religion. Heaven with its peace lay beyond their comprehension.

The Mohammedan believes that everything good and evil is decreed of God. Riches, poverty, sickness, and ignorance are borne stocially as God's will. "Take your child to a doctor; she is very ill," I said to a woman. "Healing is with God, it is upon God," was her answer, and she fed it bread and cucumbers although it was burning up with fever. Often when one is reproved for neglect or for forgetting he will say, "God made me so, I cannot help it."

The Orthodox Mohammedan prays five times a day with his face towards Mecca. He must pray in Arabic repeating a prescribed formula whether he live in China or Arabia. Prayer is of no value if the worshipper is ceremonially unclean and the rules for ablution must be carefully observed.

"Do women pray," you ask. They frequent the tombs of saints and pray there for special things. There are certain times when they are allowed to enter the mosques. In a native home some visitors listened with curiosity while the Bible woman read and prayed. One of them had never heard the Bible before nor heard such a prayer. The Bible woman said to her, "Don't you pray?" "I must have a special dress which must cover my hands and feet before I can pray," she replied.

The ninth month of the year Mohammedans fast from sunrise to sunset but eat and drink several times during the night. Some observe it rigidly, many do not. The rich sometimes feed a certain number of beggars and are thus exempted.

To make a pilgrimage to Mecca is a mark of great piety; pilgrimage and alms giving are both enjoined though indifferently observed.

As one studies Islam and observes its results one sees that throughout there is a wonderful appeal to the sensual passions. The marriage and divorce laws leave woman absolutely at the disposal of husband and relatives. A man may have four wives at one time and he may divorce his wife at will. It is commonly said in support of present-day Islam that few have more than one wife. That sounds well but it isn't exactly true. As I look from our dining room window I see a house where a man has three wives, one living on each of the three floors. Some of the educated young men who have called on us have mentioned brothers and sisters but by their father's other wife. A young girl quietly tells us, "I live here with my mother, but my father has another wife living in that house across the street." But sometimes, as at the home of a gardener where we called, the two wives live together in one small room.

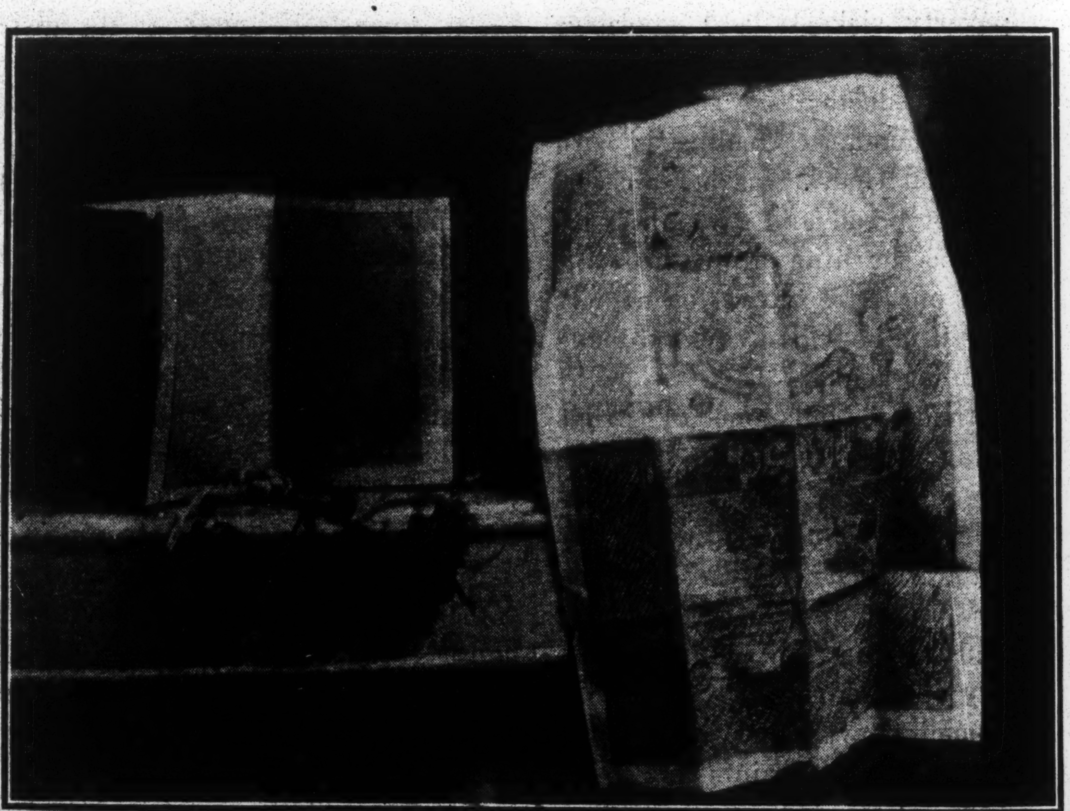
The sheikh with his Azhar learning, the young man with his modern education which has left him practically without any religion, the one hundred million women bound body and soul, the little children growing up amid sin and superstition yet with minds open to the truth, call us to a life of love, service and prayer.

THE ANIMISTIC TENDENCY IN ISLAM. AN ILLUSTRATION.

By Rev. J. W. Acheson, Cairo, Egypt.

ANIMISM, "the doctrine of spirits," is the most primitive and superstitious form of religion. It is the antecedent of idolatry and is found firmly rooted throughout the pagan world. The heathen believes in the existence of souls not only in men, but in animals, plants, trees, and even in inanimate objects such as stones and tools. These souls may exist in a disembodied state, and to the animist the world is filled with shadowy forms, spirits with power to work weal or woe. Hence he worships the natural objects which he imagines them to inhabit, and seeks by all means to conciliate them. The offering considered most acceptable is what we might call "soul-stuff"—such matter as has been in contact with soul: hair, teeth, nails, and clothing that has come in contact with the perspiration of the body are considered most potent and acceptable offerings. The development of magic and fetishism marks the attempt to ward off or appease the evil spirits and here lies the power of the pagan priest, the witch-doctor, and the medicine-man.

Mohammedan professed to bring the last and supreme revelation of God to man. He called men from their idolatry and superstition to worship the one true God and to surrender unreservedly to Him. Has Islam succeeded in breaking the heathen bondage to the "doctrine of spirits?" The answer is emphatically



ILLUSTRATING ANIMISM.
"Many of their superstitions form a part of their religion being sactioned by the Koran."

"No." Lann in his account of the Manners and Customs of the Egyptian People devotes two long chapters to their superstitions and follows it with one on magic. He says, "Many of their superstitions form a part of their religion, being sanctioned by the Koran." The longer one lives among Mohammedan people and observes their religion both in belief and practice, the more one is amazed at the paganism in Islam and at the hold it has upon the every-day life of the people.

"Nothing has sprung from nothing." Then where did Mohammed get his religion? The Muslim answers, "By direct revelation from God." But to the critical student of Islam it is clear that it was derived from Judaism, Christianity and Paganism with touches of the teaching of the Sabaeans and Zoroastrians thrown in for good measure. The sources from which Mohammed drew his material were the weird stories of Jewish commentators, the tales of heretical Christian sects and the belief and practice of the pagan tribes around him in Arabia. Through this last source animism entered Islam. And the old animistic superstitions and practice of the idol worshipping days before Mohammed —the time of ignorance as they call it— have been preserved and fostered by what claims to be the last and best revelation of God to man.

It is a severe indictment; but it is a true one. In both belief and practice Islam is saturated with animism. It would be too technical a study to take the tenets of Islam and their ritual and show the place and influence animism has in each article and practice of the faith. It would also require a volume to record it all. The tenets of the Muslim creed are six; a belief in God, His angels, His Books, His Prophets, the Day of Judgment and Predistination. It is appalling to discover the use made of the name of God in calling good spirits to assist and in driving away evil ones. Spiritual beings are divided into angels, jinn and devils. It would be hard to exaggerate the power that the belief in jinn exercises over all classes of Mohammedans.

The Koran contains three chapters on the Jinn and recounts how they listened to Mohammed's preaching and were converted to Islam. The Koran is considered a most potent charm against evil spirits. It is not too much to say that no religion has ever made so much of their sacred book as a fetish. Two chapters, the 94th and the 105th are used to stop tooth-ache, another the 13th to cure headache. Verses from the Koran are folded up and inserted in the purse-like charms worn by the children. And so we could go on through the creed and also through each of the five requirements of the ritual—the repetition of the creed, prayer, alms-giving, fasting and pilgrimage. The kissing of the Black Stone in the Kaaba at Mecca is a relic of paganism and it is undoubtedly animistic in origin.

And now, that you may realize that such beliefs and practices do not belong to a by-gone age, let me give you an illustration of tree-worship as it goes on week after week in Cairo, the brain center of Islam. Come with me to visit the abode of a spirit famous in Cairo for her power to ward off evil and cure all sorts of diseases. The people go on Friday morning, but we will choose another day in order not to intrude and to be free to investigate. We will visit the sacred tree, the home of a female spirit called al 'Aqsa, sister of a prince of the spirits called the Sword of Yezal. He and his sister were the off-spring of the

White King, a famous king of the Jinn. In popular parlance she is called "Our Lady Madura or Lady of the Vow." She lives in an old "nebq" tree in the middle of the island of Rhoda. An Old Cairo or Pyramids car via Rhoda bridge will take us out in half an hour. We get off at the small bridge over the canal and the car goes on across the Rhoda bridge spanning the Nile and straight away west a half hour's run to the pyramids. We cross the track and start up the island. On the right a double barbed wire stockade encloses the exercise ground for prisoners. Sentries see that they take it in unloading the flat barges tied to the river bank. We follow the well-worn path through the grove on the Cairo side of the island and a five-minute walk brings us to the tree. A small space around it is enclosed by a low wooden railing. A gardener scenting bakshish (gratuity) opens the gate and bows us into the presence of her Ladyship.

The tree is very old. It is divided into three main parts, possibly originally branches whose common trunk is now buried. These spread out so that their branches cover the enclosed space. One branch runs along almost on the ground. These trunks and as many of the branches as can be reached are covered with shreds of clothing, bits of ribbon and string. We examine and find that these are attached to nails with which the tree is studded. Over head, lines have been stretched from one branch to another and these are hung with pennants and small flags. But our gaze comes back to the nail-studded trunk and the thousands of offerings hanging there. These strips of clothing have been tied to the tree with the prayer that the spirit will cure the disease of that part of the body. Strips of the different colored head-handkerchiefs and hair-ribbons are most in evidence for the Lady of the Vow is especially noted for curing headaches. But in among the mass of cloth a closer look discovers teeth carefully fastened by string and bunches of hair. These are mostly black and brown but here and there the white locks of some one who has put a life-long trust in the healing powers of Lady Madura and her tree.

Hanging from a limb was a square glass lantern containing several candles and a cup of oil. A woman whose prayer for children had been answered had brought the candles and oil as a thank-offering. This is a frequent object of pilgrimage to the tree. A limb running from the trunk to the ground is worn smooth by the women who crawl under it hoping in this way to influence the spirit to bless them with children.

When the outer bark of the tree is knocked off a red sap oozes out of the wound. If a handkerchief or white garment is stained in this sap it will have healing virtues. The fresh scars on the limbs show that some had quite recently sought this cure.

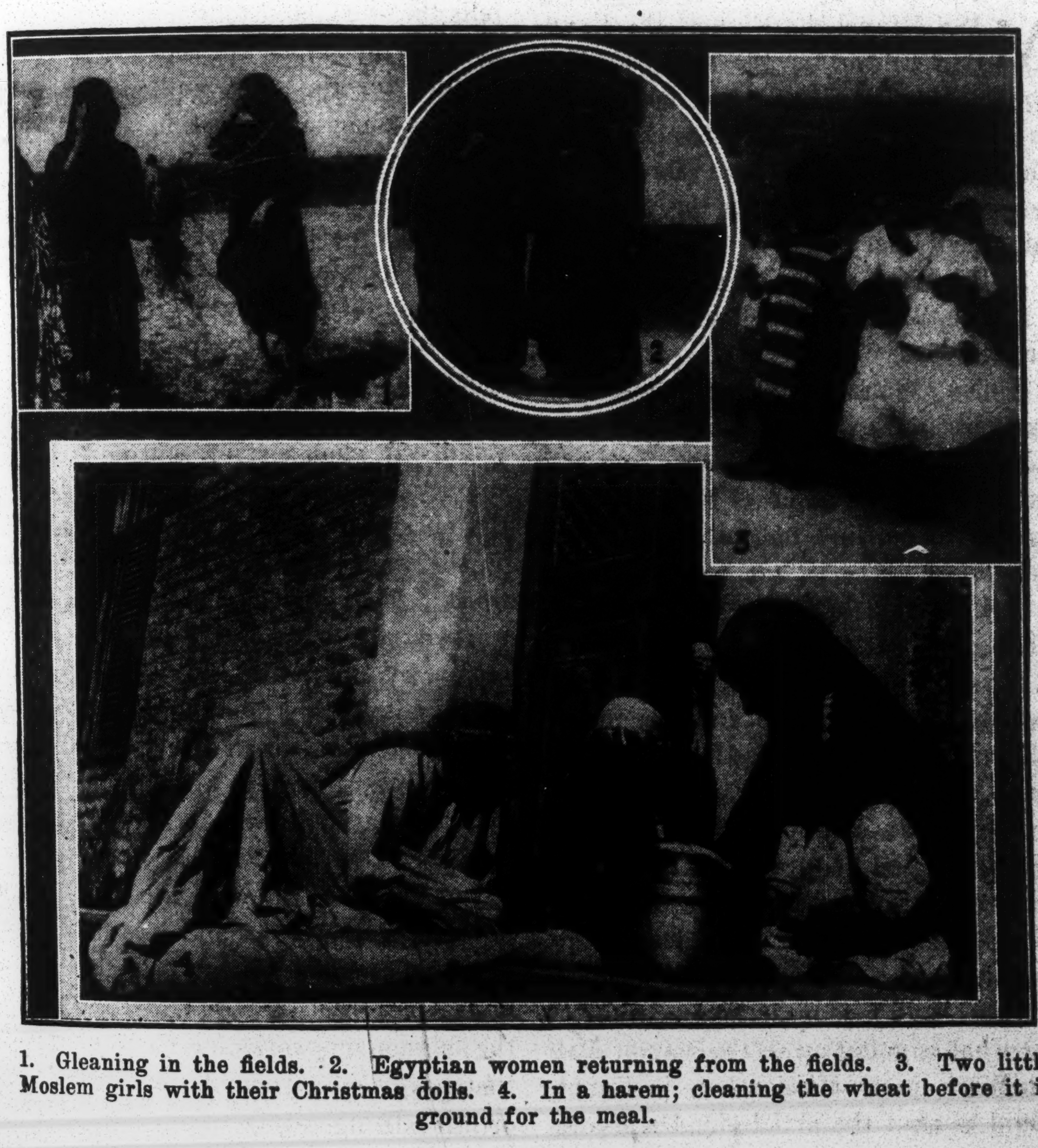
As we look at the tree so old and broken and knarled and knotty the thought comes that the Lady of the Vow has not maintained a very flourishing life in bearing the aches and pains that have been unloaded on her. We persuade the gardener to let us take a string of three leather charms and two small anklets too which are tied a hair ribbon and a tiny wisp of hair; in order that we may have proof for those skeptical of our story.

During much of the ride back to town we sit in silence and through our thoughts runs a note of sadness. So many in Islam are spending all their life time in bondage through fear of the spirits.

Christianity is openly opposed to animism. It has consistently refused to give any quarter in its struggle against it. The teaching of Christ must always bring release from bondage to evil spirits. By the Spirit of Christ they are cast out. Islam is openly favorable to animism; its sacred book and creed rather encourage than forbid its practices, while the teaching of Mohammed shows that not only was he himself all his life in bondage to the fear of spirits but by his teaching he has bound that fear with seven-fold cords upon the hearts of his followers.

OTHER RELIGIONS OF EGYPT.

Nine-tenths of the inhabitants of Egypt are Moslem. There exists also a Coptic community of almost a million. A word must be said, however, in mention of the European element in Egypt. The census of 1907 gives the number of Greeks as 62,973; Italians as 34,926; British 20,653; French 14,591. Besides these four, there are found many other nationalities though in much smaller number—Spanish, Swiss, German, Belgian, Dutch, and American, besides representatives of various nationalities of the Near East.



1. Gleaning in the fields. 2. Egyptian women returning from the fields. 3. Two little Moslem girls with their Christmas dolls. 4. In a harem; cleaning the wheat before it is ground for the meal.

PART TWO--"CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK EXISTING IN EGYPT TODAY."

WRITTEN BY PROF. C. A. OWEN, ASSIUT, EGYPT.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN EGYPT TODAY.

By Prof. C. A. Owen.

MISS Minnehaha Finney, the Egyptian Editor for the Women's Missionary Magazine, has asked me to write an account of present-day activity in Christian mission work in Egypt, and has suggested that I note the following things, at least:

1. The Work of the American Mission.
2. The Work of the Protestant Community.
3. The Work of Other Mission Agencies in Egypt.

Now, naturally most of the time and attention will be given to the first division of this outline, not only because we know more about it, but because we are more interested in it, and through it, in the second part.

However, a good many things appear, from one year's end to another, in the religious papers of the Home Church, about Mission work in Egypt, Missionary Methods, Mission news, and Mission plans, and one wonders if there remains anything new or interesting to be said. For example, any reader of this Magazine who wants to get a good, scholarly, and comprehensive account of just what is going on in the way of Mission Work in our Mission here in Egypt, should re-read the article by Dr. James G. Hunt, in the current (1918) number of the Foreign Missions Handbook. That tells the story, and tells it so well it cannot be profitable to cover that same ground for the same audience so soon. After a short introduction, therefore, I shall try to tell, not so much what goes on in Egypt, as *how* it goes on; not so much to give a scholarly account of the various great departments of the work here, but to give some of the details of a missionary's daily life. This treatment may be of value for the readers of this Magazine who may often have wondered what sort of routine the missionary had; it may be of value, too, to the missionary candidate who thinks he or she would like to come to Egypt to work. The reader thus having been warned not to expect Mission strategy, policy, or technique, is expected to fold her hands at this point and say, "Well, now, just what does take up a missionary's time, anyway: I've often wondered; what happens during any given day, for example?"

But as we see these details, and as we note the little worries and joys that come to the missionary on the field, let us by no means forget the great goal for which the missionary works, or the great need that lies in every part of the great field, or the strong, clear, unmistakable call that goes across the water to the Church at home, a cry that is not indistinct even in the midst of a great war that is rocking the world, the cry, "Come over * * * and help us."

In General.

For anyone who did not get a chance to read the Handbook, then, let us note a few general facts about the work of the American Mission in Egypt, so that as we proceed, the various parts will the more readily fall into their proper places.

We read in Matthew 4:23, that Jesus went about all Galilee, "teaching * * *, preaching * * *, and healing." Now in the years that have elapsed since the Saviour was actually among us, there has been very properly a careful study of His missionary methods, and it is safe to say that no improvement has been made on them. To teach, to preach, to heal—these three things that He did are the aims of the missionary today, in whatever land. And just as not easy to show a clear difference between what is meant by "teaching in their synagogues," and "preaching the gospel of the kingdom," so it is by no means easy to make a hard and fast distinction between so-called evangelistic effort, and the educational branches of the work. In fact, the distinction cannot be made, and should not be made. They are but two methods of doing the same thing; and medical effort is one along with them. They may be different roads, but they should, and as far as possible do, lead to the same goal.

I trust, and indeed fully believe, that most readers of this Magazine have a clearer idea of Mission work than I had when I came to the field some ten years ago as a short-term teacher in Assiut College. More study and scientific attention is given to the subject in these days, and I am sure that no one any longer believes, as I once vaguely supposed, that meetings were held under a tree somewhere, or on the desert, a sermon preached in perfectly fluent Arabic by a missionary, a few tracts handed out, and the immediate baptism of large numbers of converts took place. Now much of the work is done away from the larger centers, and in very primitive surroundings, and in the midst of anything but comfort; but what surprised me was that Mission work is a business, done by people who understand and follow the principles of business; by people who can not only preach but teach others to do it; who can not only run schools, but good ones; who cannot only manage hospitals, but manage them in a very modern way, and do splendid missionary service as well as get excellent medical results. It was not that I supposed missionaries to be incapable, or unbusinesslike, or old-fashioned; it was merely that I had an idea of missions and missionaries that was out of date by some fifty years; and it gives me great pleasure publicly to confess how great my error was, and how real my pleasure on discovering how far wrong I had been. Again and again tourists have been heard to say, "Why how queer; this is a modern school plant;" or, "Why this work here is much more up-to-date than I had supposed it would be." They, like myself, were not misinformed, but uninformed, and with their own eyes beheld the march of progress on the Mission field as elsewhere.

To say, then, that the missionary strives to follow the example of his Master, Christ, in teaching, preaching, and healing, is to give the sum of his, or their, ambition. How few, comparatively, there are to do these things; how inadequate much of their equipment is, and how we all long for the day when more workers shall come from the Home Church, and more real power and consecration to ourselves; in a word, *how great the need and how small the supply,* we hope to note as this article proceeds.

In Particular.

Now if I had the moral courage to change the title that Miss Finney laid down for me, I should probably call what I write—

LITTLE VISITS WITH MISSIONARIES.

In a Girls' School.

And since this is a contribution for the Women's Missionary Magazine, let us start with a Girls' School. As we go up the steps, we meet a little girl, ten or twelve years of age, weeping and wailing as though her heart would break. What is the trouble? Has she played hookey? Has she been sent home? Yes, but not in disgrace. She, like over a dozen like her, came too late to be received as a boarding pupil, and though her father brought her a journey of some 200 miles, she cannot be received, for the simple reason that the beds of the school are FULL, and have been full for several days. "But why don't you live in town, somewhere, little girl?" Because my father says I am to live with the Americans, or else back at home—and there is no room here." But why not buy a few extra beds, and provide for this overflow? Gentle reader, try to buy anything made of iron in Egypt these days, and the answer will come at you like an angry honey bee. Besides, there is no room for the bed if it could be bought; the school has already taken more pupils than it is allowed to, and the floors of some of the dormitories are in such a condition that made Mr. George Innes walk around the edges of a room or two; so as we go on into the building, we resolve to cheer the missionary in charge up a little if possible on the subject of accommodations.

She is inside, in her little office, talking with a fine young man whom I knew; and you and I are asked to wait a few minutes. We do, and when the young fellow is gone, we are next; and are within the office. "That young man

THE KINDERGARTEN IN ALEXANDRIA CENTRAL GIRLS' SCHOOL.

wanted a wife; and he came to us to recommend him one. He is well educated, and has a fair salary. But he wants one from his own village, if possible, and he positively refuses to accept a girl with one eye, so we advised him to wait." So the school is a matrimonial agency, too; well, well! The missionary has had a busy morning, it seems; her fellow worker, with no mid-term furlough out of the country, and with heavy work, has been ordered off for a "good rest" of four or five months; or else, home. Now going home is very expensive, and a very long process these days, and every effort is being made to prevent that. So off she went. But the one who stayed? Was a substitute called in? There was none to call, at first. Later, help was found, and most welcome it was, too. And what—to go back to the office, and the busy missionary, has been the pressing work this morning? Why nothing less than plans for the big temperance meeting to be held in the afternoon; song, dialogues, speeches to be rehearsed for the last time, final instruction given again and again, and at last everything seems ready for the yearly event. We went to see it, later, in the gallery, though we should have stayed away, being a man, for the boys' schools have this sort of thing, too, for everyone, but this one is only for the sittat (women). On being questioned about this meeting, and the Temperance Society, we are told of hundreds having signed the pledge as the result of the activities of this and other societies. A most wholesome thing, this, and most timely, too; for the liquor business is getting more and more prosperous in Egypt every year.

We are shown through the school briefly, as we have many other visits to pay this morning; we notice some of the girls who have a vacant hour sweeping and dusting, and doing it well, too; others are in a Bible class, studying the life of Paul; others are in a physiology class; the charts on the wall look very American, as do the desks, the pictures on the wall, and the teacher herself. We are told that a student of this class,

A GEOGRAPHY CLASS IN THE BENI SUEF GIRLS' SCHOOL.

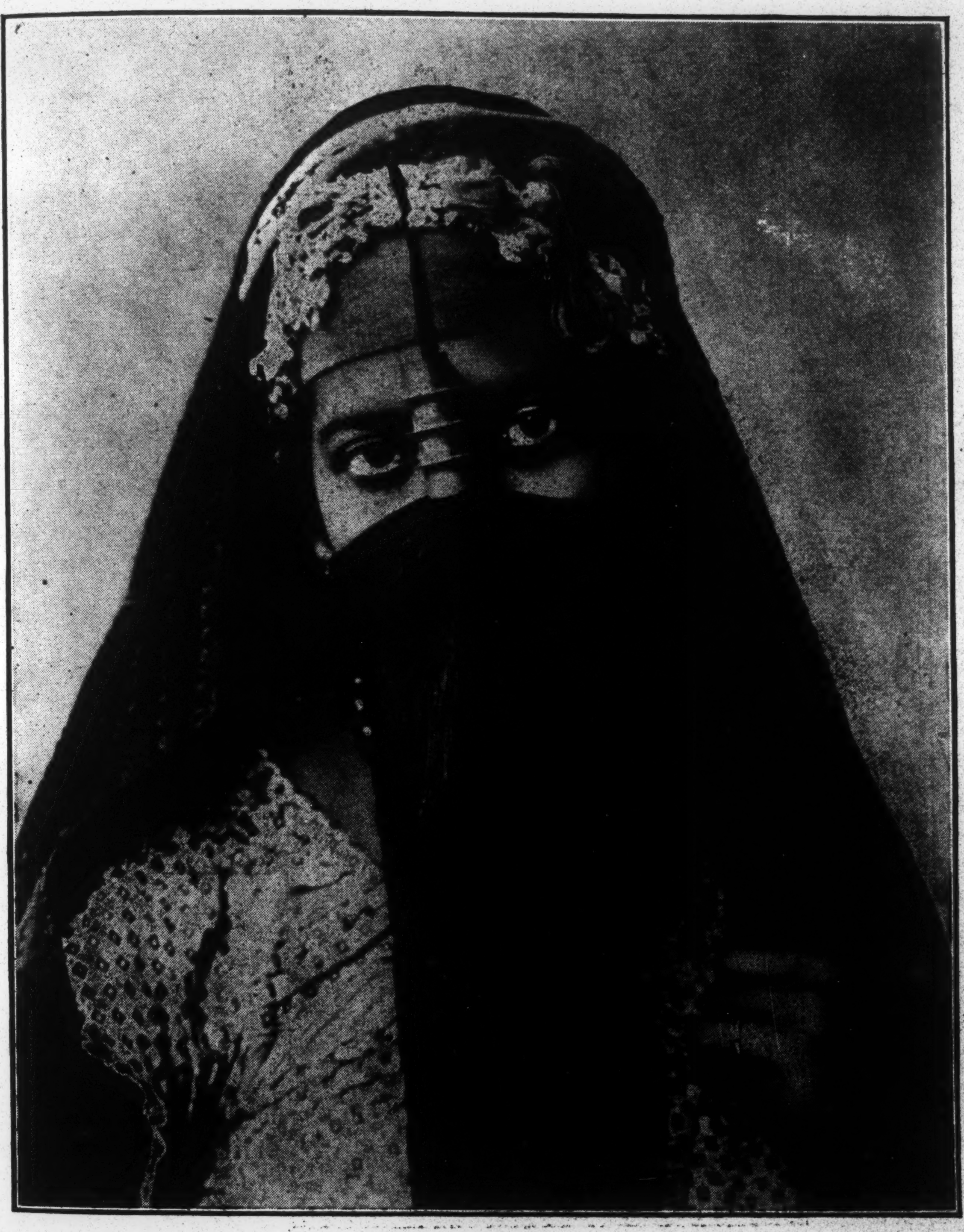
several years before, had been the means of having her father buy a fine individual communion set for the large Assiut Native Church, because she had learned how much cleaner it would be. And here, on the top floor, in the dining room for the teachers, we find a sewing class taking an examination. They are just through, and soon file out; one little girl lingers, and says to the teacher, "Please, I can't say in English what a French seam is, but I know how, truly I know it. We make it like this, so—and it is very good and strong." She is given credit on that question. In the kitchen the domestic science class is at work, under the superintendance of the school Matron; and if those girls always keep their kitchens and dishes as clean as they were being taught to do there, it means better days for the homes in Egypt.

Time presses, and we hasten on. But as we pass through the front door, we stop, start back, and wonder what next. For here, onto the front porch there has been lowered a sort of ladder, or half-stairway, and down there come dozens and dozens of little girls, as fast as ever they can. What on earth? Why, this is the fire drill. There are no iron fire escapes, (as they expect to have on the new plant, when the money comes, and a better and less crowded section can be secured) so this one is used. We thought that there were few fires in Egypt, but by chance we met the fire department of that town on the street an hour later; and its maximum speed seemed about three miles per hour. So we indorse the fire drill.

We are urged to stay and hear about the chapel exercises, the Sabbath School work, the special Volunteer Band that goes out Sabbath afternoons to hold little meetings in houses in the town, the Christian Endeavor, the King's Daughters; about the work of the graduates of the school, how many are teaching, how many are in religious work, how many have sent their own daughters back to the school, how large a Thank-Offering has been raised, how willingly and discriminatingly the girls give for charities; but no, we can't stop. We came only to make a little visit, and we have stayed several hundred words. But is that school making good? Are those in charge real educators? Are the teachers carefully chosen, and systematically helped? Yes. But the Government has started a girls' school in that town, with better equipment. When they get the teachers trained, and get on in their work, they will decrease our attendance, unless we can get a better place, where the floors don't shake and sag, and where there will be room to expand. So we thought, when we left, "Wouldn't it be a fine thing if every woman in the United Presbyterian Church could go through this school, as we have done?"

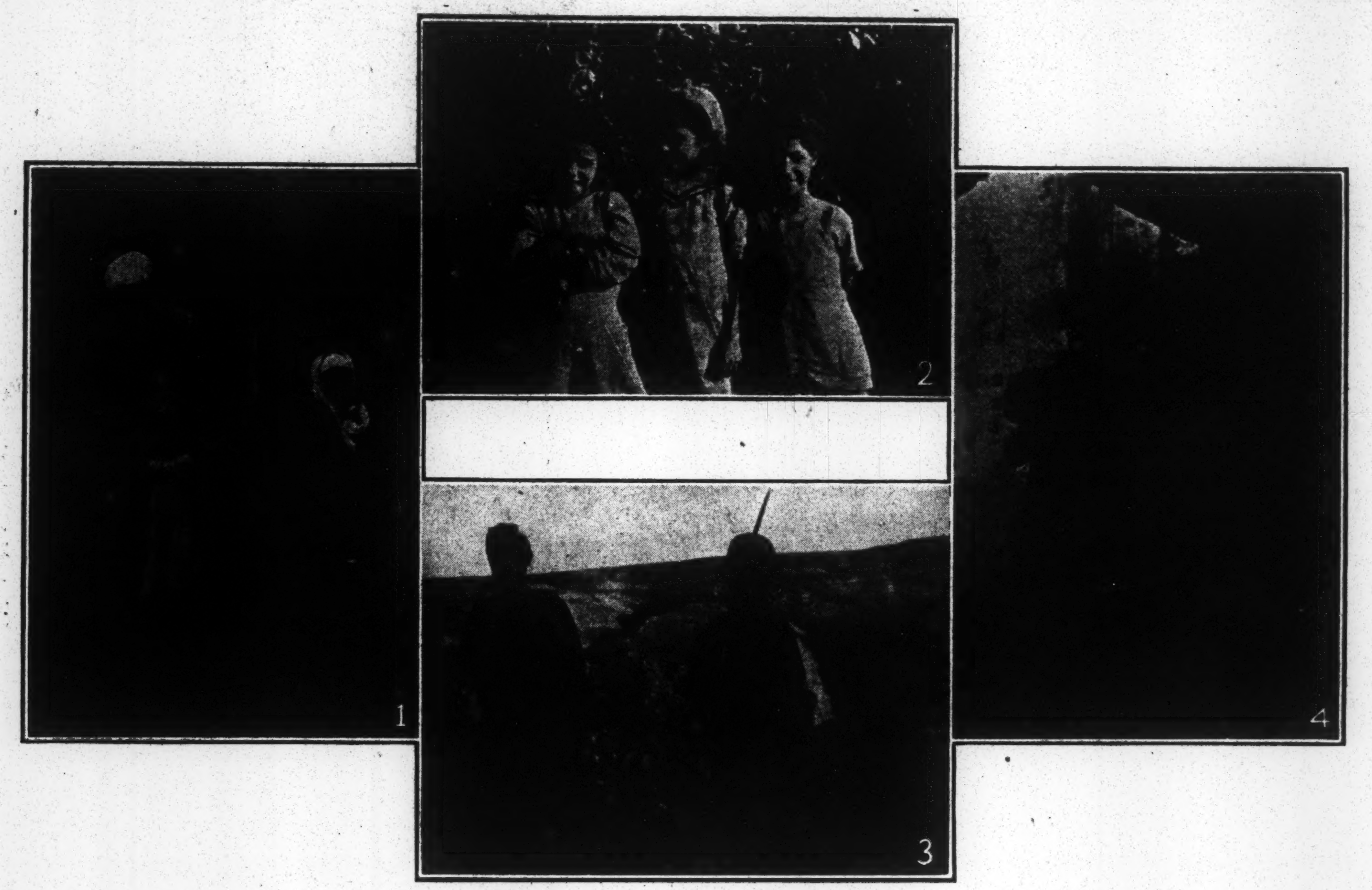
In Another Girls' School.

And just while we are in the business of visiting girls' schools, let us go to another one. This second school has a better plant, but being in a different section of the country, where the Mohammedan element in the population is larger, it has a smaller attendance. We find the superintendent here just as busy, though; she is trying to arrange for teachers for next year. Egypt is expanding very fast in education for girls, and the supply of good teachers is far below the demand. Many good teachers have hitherto been brought from Syria, but the war has largely stopped that. In the near future it is hoped to have, in one or more of our Girls' Boarding Schools, departments for training teachers of a higher grade



IN A HAREEM.

This is to show a Moslem girl of the lower class. An Egyptian type and not a bad character.



CHILD LIFE IN EGYPT.

1. "Is she big enough? Will you take her into your schools?" 2. Three little applicants who had to be turned away from an overcrowded school. 3. Bright Little "Donkey Boys" of whom there are thousands who might be won if we had enough workers. 4. One of Egypt's millions with no chance to go to school.

Courtesy Foreign Board.

than we now possess facilities for. At any rate, here was this fellow-country woman of ours, going through her mail in the hope that a good teacher was in sight. None. But she will be happy to tell us about the school, and what she does.

As we visit the various classes, we note that the girls here are better dressed than those in the first school we visited; they evidently come from a richer class; and there are more Greek and Syrian girls among them—not a very large proportion, but enough to remind us that we are getting nearer the sea. The equipment here is excellent; this Girls' School is financed by the Women's Board. We find much the same subjects being taught as before, and are told that this is not surprising, as all the Girls' Schools in Egypt, under the care of the Mission, follow one program of studies.

There goes the bell! And our hostess strives to excuse herself, saying that she has a class. But she must share it with us, and so off we go. It is a class of little tots, studying the life of Christ in their religious lesson, and the missionary in charge teaches the class, in Arabic, partly to get the practice in Arabic, partly to get the experience, and partly to find out what can be and should be done in the work in religion classes. Here is our chance to impress these little girls. When we are asked to say something, we ask a few questions, then more, harder and harder, and *they know the answers*. And more than that, they seem to know what His life really meant, what it stood for, and what He asks of them. We Protestants are sometimes accused of "teaching, teaching, teaching the Bible, to get it taught, regardless of the meaning." The Catholic who made that charge never visited this school, at any rate.

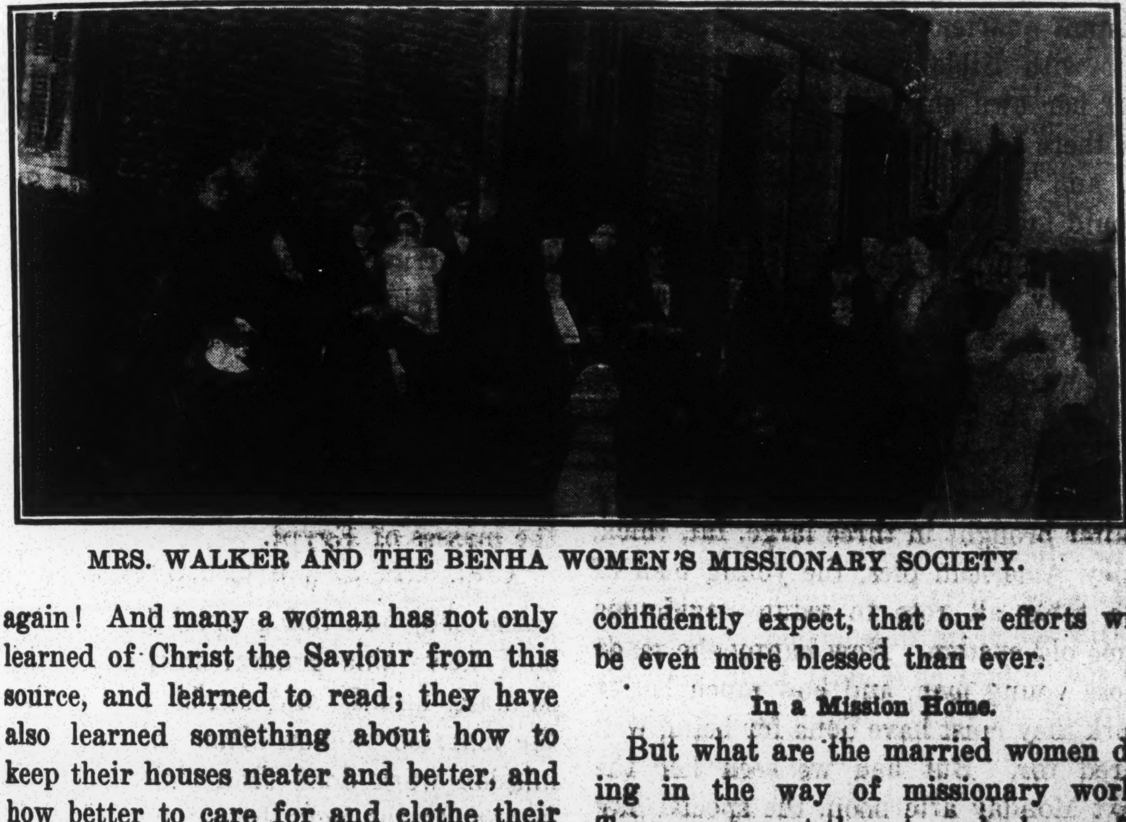
Do we want to see some of her secular work? Yes, if anything connected with such effort can be said to be strictly "secular." Here is the opportunity. A little land is being purchased; the word "being" representing a stretch of some five years. It is hard to buy land in the East, and this little plot would do very nicely to enlarge the school property to the west, and will be much needed later, when the plant is enlarged. So we listen to the report of the land agent who is trying to plan the deal. He says that things are moving nicely, that by lowering their price several hundred dollars, and raising ours to the same extent, we may eventually get to a compromise. But not now. The whole thing is in the courts, and as it is the property of a rich Mohammedan family, it may be a long time getting divided. Moreover, one corner of it has been divided and divided so often, that it consists of very narrow strips, each strip about 100 meters long. We are not told just how narrow the strips are; but we have heard of land that has been for generations in the hands of one family that is actually divided into strips (part of the piece) a quarter of a mile long and about two inches wide. Five years seems like a long time, and our hostess says that nothing but the urgent need for that land has ever made her spend some many precious hours on it. But why not let the men buy the land? Generally they do, but in this case, as in others, it has fallen the lot of the lady missionary in charge.

We must go on, but are urged to stay to see some of the "missionary effort" that is spent here, some of the religious meetings, etc. "Buying land, and hiring teachers, I'm afraid you'll think I don't do real missionary work. Let me tell you about how many Moslem girls we have, about the kindergarten department and wonderful influence, about the girls who have joined the church." No, thanks. We would forget the statistics soon, anyway, and we have found a clean, modern building, with orderly classes and well-trained teachers, and special emphasis laid on religious teaching. And we must be moving on. And we think, as we go, "These girls' schools are making good. They are educating, but it is not a worldly, even a moral education that they are trying to give. Even the Mohammedan girls here cannot but help be influenced by these Christian surroundings, and this Christian care."

In a Hareem.

Much as we would like to go on to several others of the Girls' Schools under the control of the mission, the increased railway fares and our lack of time constrain us to be content, for the present at least, with these two, and to see what a hareem worker does. First of all, what is a hareem? They call it "hair 'em" at home, but the word is accented out here on the second syllable. The verb harama means to forbid, and the hareem is the place outsiders are forbidden to enter. But to very many of them, our workers have access, and from the reports we hear, scarcely any place in the world could be in greater need of Christian influence. This hareem worker happens to be going to a poorer quarter this morning, and so we may be allowed to enter with her. The street is narrow, not at all clean, and more crooked than the very worst street in all Boston. But at last we come to a house, rap at the door, and are let in. The missionary does little of the talking, as she is training a new Bible woman in her work. After a few questions about the family, their condition, their needs, etc., the conversation is turned onto the subject of religion. It is evident that this is not the first call, but that it is a "follow-up" visit, for the woman seems to remember a little of the lesson the time before. She is above forty years of age, and yet is being read to by this Bible woman. The Gospel of John is the textbook, and how happy indeed the woman seems as she recognizes a few words from the time before. I am not quite sure that the method of tuition was the same as that adopted at the very latest convention of teachers at home; in fact, I am afraid that the woman was being taught her letters first. But she is learning to read, and will one day be able to teach her own daughters, and have a real desire to put them in school, where they can learn far more than she can teach them. The lesson is not without interruption; some chickens, a pair of goats, several neighbor children, and a dog that goes from corner to corner makes wild attacks on his flanks for some hidden, lurking foe. These would try the patience of a western saint, but that little Bible woman paid no attention, but only smiled and someway got them to be quiet. Even when the only son of the house, a boy of seven or eight, brought in an old alarm clock, and wound and wound and set it off, everyone seemed to think it was a natural interruption.

This woman was one of nearly 5,000 women who are receiving some form of instruction in their homes through Bible women and the Hareem workers of the missionaries. We parted from our hostess on the way, as she had charge of two small day schools for girls; she was most anxious to have us go and see the schools, declaring that there could not be a girls' school in Egypt that sang the new version of the Psalms as well as her's did, because their teachers had had special training in music in the Pressley Memorial Institute. But we had to go on. We had seen a typical call in the poorer district, a Bible lesson, the wisdom of the Missionary's training Egyptian workers, instead of trying to do it all herself; we had seen some of the difficulties of these home lessons, and we had caught a glimpse of the wonderful uplift that must be coming to Egypt through this class of work. Is it educational? Is it religious? Yes, and yes women of the Mission have some of both types of work to do; but education is calling more and more for specialists, and indeed, so is hareem work. The workers are so few now that people cannot always be put at what they can do best; but when the war is over, and there are enough missionaries so that no one, and particularly the young women, will be loaded with the work of two or three people; when the Church at home actually comes into the realization of this great plan for more and more workers, then we may hope for, even



MRS. WALKER AND THE BENHA WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

again! And many a woman has not only learned of Christ the Saviour from this source, and learned to read; they have also learned something about how to keep their houses neater and better, and how better to care for and clothe their children. They must be reached this way, or not at all; far past the school age, they will go down to the grave Christless unless they are reached by this one means. And yet how few women there are who give their time to this alone. For the young woman who wants to become a missionary and who has no taste for educational work, here is her opportunity. Most of the unmarried confidently expect, that our efforts will be even more blessed than ever.

In a Mission Home.

But what are the married women doing in the way of missionary work? True, we expect them to make homes for their husbands, and if we should visit around through the Mission, we might come to the conclusion that they succeed at least fairly well at this. We cannot visit them all, but here is one who makes a home for her own family and eight or ten other missionaries, short and long term, a household of twelve or fourteen, month in and month out, to feed and provide for generally. If you were to ask almost any young man who has been a short-term teacher in Egypt what one thing impressed him as being a missionary asset in the missionaries he met, he would reply, "The fact that Mrs. Blank darned my socks for three years, and mended my clothes for me." And it just happens that we come upon this missionary matron with a bushel basket, full of socks and stockings to be repaired. She says she does not do any missionary work, that she hasn't time; finally admits to holding a meeting or two in a distant quarter of the city, and to going out with Bible women sometimes; she has her own children to teach, largely, as there is no mission school where she is, and the only available other school would take most of the family salary, so it is out of the question. Impelled by curiosity, as well as by noon, we manage to stay here for dinner, and any doubt that we might have had as to how she fed her flock vanished. It was Saturday, and was apparently "pie day," for when the long-legged, white-clad Berber waiter brought in three large, fat, thick, juicy American pies, the young men of the table all rose to salute—evidently some old custom. How happy she made those young men, and how much better work they must have done for being well cared for. But had we seen her the next Monday afternoon, the special day for callers, we could have counted no less than twenty callers, perhaps, some wanting money, others work, others counsel, others comfort, we could have begun to realize how valuable a married woman becomes as a missionary factor. Stern necessity often renders inevitable the frequent shifting of many of the young women workers; and the woman, who, by long residence in one town comes to know the people well, to understand their problems and their family history, their weakness and their strength, can often be of the greatest service to the younger women, in their work, and to the missionary cause in general. It was not because she darned all those socks, and baked those pies herself, that she was a real missionary, but because she wanted to do those things; and did them, with a host of kindred tasks, just as self-sacrificing women the world around do similar services, "in the Master's name."

Another married woman has established a fine "school of the prophetesses," and is training Bible women, not only in that school, but out of it. It is a sort of a little Moody Institute in Bible work, with practical work attached. She also goes out with her husband on his village trips, holds meetings for the women, helps to organize Women's work, and along with many others, is doing her best to *train Egyptian workers*, so that we, being few, may influence many, through our local fellow-workers, and by the Power of the Holy Spirit, reach the masses of Egypt.

A few others will be noted later, because they are doing special work, but as I leave this general subject, I wish to state, quietly and confidentially, that the married women often get more real mission work done than their husbands do, or, at the very lowest possible estimate, that they establish contacts with our Egyptian brethren and sisters which are often more intimate, personal and helpful than the more business-like contacts established by the men. Did I say, married women missionaries? I should have said, "women missionaries."

On the Ibis Among the Nile Villages.

Most of you have heard of the old Nile boat, the Ibis, and of the larger and newer one, the Witness. If we should visit one of these boats, in its travels on the river, or in the larger canals, we should very soon get out of the more modern part of the country, and into the simpler village life. Towns can easily be reached, very often, by these boats, that are quite a distance from the railway; and these boats have the special virtue that the mission workers can "make" a village, and still return to the boat to sleep. If you have no choice between the Ibis and the Witness, let us take the Ibis, as it is the older boat, and has a much longer history. Supposing that it was up in Upper Egypt, "somewhere" between Assiut and Luxor. We go most of the way by train, take donkeys for four miles up the river from the nearest station, expecting to find the Ibis nesting snugly where we had been notified to meet her. But no Ibis. Sailors on other boats tell us that she is ten miles up the river, the north wind being too strong to come down against. It seems queer, but the travel up the Nile is generally easier than down stream, because the wind is usually from the North, and the tall masts of the Ibis make her one of the fastest houseboats on the river, it is said. Coming down is harder, even with the help of the current, for while the heavy cargo boats sink low enough to be helped by the current, the lighter Ibis stands up higher, and catches the wind with her body. The donkey boys would not go on up the river, for any price, as they fear darkness and robbers. So back to the town we go, find lodging and a native meal with the head man of the village, and the next day, the Ibis still being stuck up-stream, we try a ten-mile donkey trip, crossing the Nile meanwhile on a small ferry. But we reach the goal at last.

And here are primitive conditions, and here are pioneer opportunities. It is well toward noon by the time we get there, and a good meal helps us to understand again why missionary wives were created and allowed to exist. That afternoon, our host the evangelistic missionary receives a good many callers, and their appearance compares very little with that of the people in the larger towns. Here the people are "fellaheen," peasants, some of whom own a little land, but probably more of whom do not. They have heard about the presence of the Mission Boat, and want to see the missionary, and to have him come to see them. We are struck by the great number of Mohammedans among the inquirers, and the frankness and courtesy with which they discuss religious problems. Fifty, forty, thirty years ago that would have been unusual; now the exception is the unusual thing, especially in the Upper Country. The door is open, the people want to hear. Can we reach them, with missionaries and trained Egyptian workers in sufficient numbers really to compass the situation? The answer is partly with the Home Church, partly with the forces here, but most of all it lies within the control of Him Who said, "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit."

The meeting for this evening is apparently to be held over at a little village away from the river, and nestling at the very edge of the desert. The meeting place is a little church, which also serves as a school-room. The place is jammed when we arrive, and a dozen small boys vanish from the front seat at a word from the teacher, who is also the preacher of the place, and we are provided with good seats. Our missionary host has the service, and a most impressive one it is. You keep asking me what he is saying, that is perfectly natural, for however little Arabic I understand, you being just fresh out from home, and having come particularly to make a few of these little visits, have not had time to learn much. Well, the first thing he mentioned was not from a text. He said that he had noticed that some of the women who had come to the boat the day before had not been careful about keeping the flies out of their babies' eyes, that he had mentioned the matter to them, and so had his wife, and that he earnestly trusted that his advice would be heeded. Poor people, miles and miles away from a doctor of any kind, let alone an oculist! He was right when he said that the only hope for their eyes was cleanliness. You wonder why the platform is full of women and children. That is a little unusual, but they want to hear, and the place is full. While we were singing a very wierd and Eastern tune, you count the people on the platform, and report as follows: 18 women, 26 children, and 12 babies, and the platform is not large at that. Yes, the missionary must pick his way from one side of the platform to the other rather carefully, and later on in the service he gets wedged in behind the little desk that serves as a pulpit, and there he stays. The sermon is "Give ye them to eat," and how much of mission strategy was in that sermon; Christian doctrine, and an old-fashioned directness and power in the presentation; but he seemed to realize, as he spoke, that the one hope for many of these people, and for practically all of their neighbors, is that the truth may be presented to them, not once a year, or twice a year by a missionary from the boat, but every Sabbath by some competent Egyptian, who knows their language better than we ever will, who knows their customs and feelings and habits of thought as we never can. The teacher in the school was a fine young fellow, but he had finished only the third year in the primary department of Assiut College. He did the best he could, but that was not enough. Could we but go on with the Ibis another day, we should see a different situation, a village where a seminary graduate, a fine, spiritual, capable young fellow, is building up a strong church, with an ever-widening influence. That missionary knew, as you and I must come to know, that however

A group of women at the Bible Women's Conference in Assiut studying their lesson in Ephesians at one of the in-between-times preparing for the morning Bible Study Class.

much missionaries can help Egyptian workers, however well they themselves can do boat and car work, that enough men and women to do all this can never be sent out from America; and that the evangelization of this country must be through a self-supporting Native Church. Had we been able, too, to stay with the Ibis a week, we should have seen how much encouragement the missionary was able to give to the young pastors, who had been out of the seminary a few years, and whose habits of study might be lagging a little, and how much inspiration his presence and visits gave to the Egyptian people, because they experienced that he was not only theoretically trying to help them, but was actually going over the ground himself, as often as he could, in a parish several hundred miles long. We now have three good mission boats; they are at present short-handed. If the number of boats can be increased by one, perhaps, in the near future, and men can be got out here to run them, you are right when you think that the encouraging, helpful effect on the smaller and somewhat irregular places of worship, as well as the organized congregations, would be incalculable. In some mission fields the Native Church has broken with the Missions at work. Constant co-operation and actual brotherhood in every part of the work will make this great loss impossible, and no more easily secured contact than the boat work can be secured.

With the Mission School Superintendent.

Your request to go and see what the school inspector does comes a little late, but we can see him for a little while, and even take a trip with him. He says it is lucky that we came today, because he is going to visit two schools which represent the two extremes of the 160 schools under the direction of the Synod of the Nile, one a very good school, and another that he would like us to name when we see it. A two-hour train ride will take us to the first of the two, if we start from the Inspector's headquarters. The school has a good location, is well attended, has a good head-master (as they call a principal out here) and is doing excellent work. The finances of the school, we find, are attended to by a committee of three people, the pastor, a well-to-do elder in the church, and another member or two of the congregation. The school gets no help from the mission—save that of the visits of the Inspector—and is a splendid example, not of what the Mission is doing, but what is being done by *mission trained people.* The said head-master proved to be a graduate of the College at Assiut, and the teacher of the girls' school there had finished the Pressley Memorial Institute. Religious instruction was given, and well given, in the school, and both boys and girls seemed so familiar with the Bible that your suggestion about not letting them ask us any questions seems a good one. Three of the teachers were graduates of Assiut, and the tone of the whole place was definitely Christian, and some of the students, we were told, are much interested in religious work for their future. The town is fairly large, is growing, is in the center of a good district, and the place is ideal for the radiation of Christian influence.

But you wonder what the other will be like? We take donkeys back into the country for several miles, and out of a palm grove there pops up a little village, where a school has been recently started, and where the Inspector has never yet been. One old man, spinning in the sun, advises us to go to the right to find the "Injeely" (Evangelical) School, later a merchant frankly confesses that he does not know, and just then one of the school boys, evidently taking a [illegible] from some class, says that we will find the school just to the left. But will we?

We find a small room, with two benches, no matting on the floor, part of the boys almost smothered in great shawls around their heads, the few little girls in the room wild-eyed and staring, wondering if we were soldiers. No, it is not usual, perhaps, for boys and girls to go to the same school here in Egypt, but sometimes in the smaller villages very little girls are sent to the only school in the place—and it will likely be a boys' school. The teacher cannot find the roll, he thinks there are about 15 scholars, or maybe 29, or 22; or near that. Yes, there are several years, second, third, first, and "tahdeery" (or below the first class; the verb hadara means to descend), and if we try to find out what the students have learned, we find it more encouraging, for the teacher's ability as a pedagogue is evidently better than as a keeper of records. The Inspector tells us that he hopes to return to the place and try to see if some satisfactory arrangements cannot be made for financing the school, so that a better teacher can be secured, the school be allowed to grow, and the regular course of study be followed better. The Inspector tells us his hope is to establish a large number of schools in small villages where now there is absolutely no chance to learn to read and write, and to encourage the members of the Protestant Evangelical Church properly to support such schools when started. Nearly 200 schools, and over 16,000 pupils, one-fifth of them Mohammedans—is not this a great opportunity, and a great obligation? But one man cannot inspect all these schools; another is urgently needed; and must be supplied soon if school work improves as it must.

In a Mission Hospital.

But you have always wanted to visit a Mission Hospital? That should be easy, and as the one at Tanta has not yet been opened in its new capacity, and as Dr. Frank McClanahan is now (April 30, 1918,) helping at Assiut, we should arrange to visit the latter plant. Dr. Henry is on the way home, Dr. Pollock is detained in America, on account of the illness of his mother, Dr. Frank McClanahan happens to be out to a village some forty miles away, Dr. Finley has been up two solid nights and is now asleep and must not be disturbed, so we shall perforce call upon one of the nurses, and try to find out among other things who that great crowd of people were that we pressed through to get up to the second floor. She tells us that it is visiting day, and that every one who has a relative or very close friend in the hospital may visit him on certain days. Well, how anxious they were to see their friends. The push near the front door was surely strong and insistent. But how can the work be carried on in the rooms and wards while all these friends are here, and how on earth are the patients kept from getting food and other things that they perhaps should not have? The Mission nurse confesses that these things are a little difficult, but reminds us that the East and after all is the East, and that if we could have seen the Assiut Hospital a year after it had been opened, in a dwelling house, in the old part of the town, we would think that nothing whatever Oriental remained in the new plant, at least, by comparison. But are there really many operations done here? Yes, about four or five or six a day, usually; many of them of the most difficult sort. But is there no difficulty about some of these many and various visitors, many of whom are from the poorest class, bringing some sort of disease or insect pest into these clean, white halls and rooms? No, (with a sigh) our hostess tells us, not much. And then with a twinkle in her eye, she adds, "You know that there were no insect pests in Egypt till the missionaries came, or so I was told by a young man far above the average in education and culture." We wonder if the man was joking when he said that, or if folks didn't know.

Yes, Miss Blank is very happy to show us around the place, and we thread our way through the callers, and note several things. Among them, the native staff of servants, nurses, etc., adds further testimony to the value of training Egyptians carefully to do things. We are shown through the kitchens and the bread room, and are much interested to know that they make such a good brand of native bread here that most of the missionaries buy it—if they can arrange, and generally they can. Every bed seems full, and in one of the wards we find unusual quiet, and so step in. The Hospital Evangelist, a fine young fellow, is holding a little prayer meeting, after a short talk on "Christ the Healer."

Many of the men and women, we are told, get a taste of the Gospel here, and want more when they get back home, in the neighboring villages; time and again they meet up with the missionaries on the boats, and often a great help to them. By the way, let us set down here, lest we forget, that of the 60,000 odd patients accommodated in one year, several years ago, Assiut had more than half, and now that Tanta Hospital is temporarily closed, the proportion of patients would probably be a good deal higher for Assiut. As we pass a door of one of the first-class rooms, we hear a yell so lusty and vigorous that we ask if that is not an American baby; sure enough it is, and we next learn that no less than a baker's dozen of new little American babies have been in that room in the last several years. We find an Egyptian pharmacist, an Egyptian physician as assistant to the American staff, and several other Egyptians of fine character and excellent training, who have grown up with the institution, and whose contribution to its growth has not been small. We are invited to return tomorrow, and see the big free clinic, out in the small building near the entrance, to drop around to the "family prayers" conducted every morning, with all the employees of the place, and to wait to learn of the various interesting details of the place. But we have seen the sick being cared for, have creditable testimony that both doctors and nurses are being overworked (and where are they not?), that the religious influence of the place could scarcely be better, and that if healing the sick, and helping their souls, too, be an imitation of Christ, then surely these medical missionaries are following in His steps.

In the Study Center.

Just here it is perfectly natural that you should ask about what the new missionary does, when he first comes out; so why not hunt one up. It happens to be a young women, though no doubt a young man would tell the same story. She has been studying Arabic, morning, noon and night; has had reading lessons, grammar lessons, conversational lessons, writing lessons; she has gone to church and written down all the words she knew from the sermon, and spent a precious hour trying to make her teacher understand what they were. She was sure she copied them right; but after she got the list sorted, it ran as follows:

Total words copied down in list, 60.
Parts of words, 8.
Parts of two words, 12.
Unidentified mongrels, 6.
Total errors, 26.
Net total, 34.

Not a bad morning's work, that; but they don't all stick very well, because they are not all used much. She has been trying to learn ten words a day, and now knows some 1200 words, though she has been on the field only a short time; but my, my; she says, she will never get the Arabic, but she will; they all do, more or less; and the missionary who has the most trouble with the language can easily take courage and go on if they only overhear the average English official say a few words in the gutteral, as some one has called the colloquial. But she helps Miss Blank, of Cairo, with a school, and is getting acquainted with a good many women, by means of calls, and in short, is getting ready to be a good missionary. She has found her time pretty long, sometimes, for her day, she declares, is fairly monotonous, running somewhat like this: three lesson every day, two classes in the study center with others, and about three hours or more of study. But why get the language? Because it is the only way to get at the people. Some of them know English very well, a very few speak it fluently, and many of them have quite a good knowledge of the English, at least, to read it. But if you want to talk about the serious things of life, you are quite right in thinking that this young woman is sowing seed that will bring a rich harvest of influence and possibility later.

Now this matter of language study is meant, not to dismay, but to encourage the person at home who is considering the missionary call. Anyone can get Arabic, if they will try long enough. If further proof were needed, the writer might add that even he has at last got through the course of study. I do not know a single missionary who does not have a good use of the Arabic (after a four-year course), and there are a few who are exceptionally able in this respect. The doctors have the most difficulty, because they have always been the busiest from the first, but beyond asking a few questions with the attached pronouns mixed a little, they get on, too. They tell of one doctor (name withheld) who asked a patient, "Does your foot hurt me?" This patient replied, "Surely not, oh hakeem," (doctor). This happened early in his career, however.

But Assiut College? You have heard that name somewhere? Possibly, and it would surely do us both good to see that place carefully, but it is commencement week, and the weather is getting pretty hot, so you could hardly see the place in its normal condition, so you had better come back some time again and take in the place right. But you insist on seeing some of those students who go out to the surrounding villages to preach on Sabbath morning? Well, we are glad you have heard of that, for they do supply between fifteen and twenty places regularly, and really minister to a very large congregation every Lord's Day; but you see the last Sabbath of the school year is past, and tomorrow is Commencement, so we'll have to see that again.

Had you been here last Sabbath, you could have seen the morning service at the Preparatory Department turned over to the annual report of the Christian Endeavor Society there, each committee reporting, through its chairman, and singing its own song when the report was finished. Two committees, the committee on Brotherly Love, which tries to keep fights out of the school, or fix them when they start, and the Charity Committee, which collects from various sources about $100.00 every year, and spends it on the poor boys in the department, would probably have interested you specially, for it is doubtful if you have those committees in your home society. The Y. M. C. A., in the College proper, has started a campaign this spring that would have done you good, for they reported at length on all the various forms of work that American students do during the summer vacations, and is trying to find work for all the students who are really willing to get out and work during the summer season. But on the whole, much as you be interested in the College, and the Theological Seminary, which is in many ways different from one at home, those things must wait.

THE EGYPTIAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

When Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Campbell visited the field several years ago, just about this time of the year, they made a number of visits to villages, and saw the sort of work that was being done in the smaller places, as well as the larger centres, and they did it, heat or no heat, and it was hot that spring. So let us take a short trip, at least, and see an old, well organized Egyptian Congregation. Take a town not so very far from Assiut, or Minieh, or Beni Suef, and you will be sure to find something of the following: A pastor, trained in Assiut College, and later in the Seminary. A church building, modelled even down to the very designs on the end of the seats, on the large church in Ezbekieh, Cario. In the larger, older congregations, we shall find a nicely plastered building, showing up white in pleasant contrast to the average place in the village. No matter what night we strike, we shall almost certainly find a meeting of some sort in the church, generally a prayer meeting, or a short talk by the pastor, or some elder, with singing that goes back into the years. The newer tunes work out slowly. You don't recognize the tune? Try again. No? Well, it is no less than "Clementine," taught years ago to the College Glee Club, and since adapted (considerably adapted, you think), to sacred music. But they sing earnestly, and the Psalm is explained as it is read, and we feel that it is real worship, even if you did need a quick recovery to keep from laughing when the tune's ancestry was excavated. But you wonder why they divide the men and women by a high partition? I was expecting that; every new missionary asks that. But "subroon gameel" (patience is beautiful), and some day those things will be yanked out. There is none in the Assiut College church, and has been none for several years. But the thing must not be forced; when the time comes, women, Christian as well as Mohammedans, will have more freedom; but that must be a process, not an act; and if you will come back again to see this church, say in thirty years, it may be that that partition will be gone. You are probably surprised to see so many people out at a prayer meeting, at night. If the town has "movies" and kindred attractions, perhaps they would not all be here, but at any rate, they come because they enjoy it, and because they get good out of it, and because their presence together cements them into better congregation; their knowledge of the Bible is very profound, and much of it has been gotten here at this sort of meeting. These 200 members you see are real members; the session is not as large as it might be, but it is active, and work in a number of near-by villages is carried on every Sabbath. Some day those little centres will be churches, ministering not only to themselves, but to still other villages, and they, in turn, to others. That is the hope of Egypt. Pray that more missionaries be sent, surely; that those that are here may live wholly and unconditionally not to themselves, but to Him Who died and rose again; but above all, pray for the Power of the Holy Spirit, working through both Mission and Egyptian Church, that the age-old spirit of real evangelism may come back again, and that *every native Christian* may be an evangelist. With more schools, and better ones, with more development of incentive and initiative among the newer of the Egyptian Evangelical Christians, and with Christ's command, "Go ye therefore," burned into the life and soul of every member of every church in the Synod of the Nile, may we not confidently expect the fulfilment of the promise, "And the Lord shall be known to Egypt. (Isa. 19:21.)

To say that there were so many congregations, so many evangelists, etc., would be only to say what you can easily find in any handbook, or Mission Report. The church is in earnest, as you have seen; it is growing, as a study of the tables year by year will show; its clergy is well educated, is orthodox, and is capable. The Mohammedans are more and more ready to listen every year, and if the only obstacle in the way of a great ingathering, of a genuine revival in Egypt, of the coming of the Power of the Lord to this dark land, is your or my lack of perseverance in prayer, shall not that obstacle be removed? Will you not pray with us that His Spirit will move us all, missionaries, Egyptian workers together, so that the open doors may be entered, and that His Light may shine?

OTHER MISSION AGENCIES.

Although by far the largest of any Mission agency working in Egypt, and though you would not be far wrong if you said that it was larger than all the others put together, with some to spare, yet you are right in asking about what they do, and how we manage to get along together. Regards the last, fine! The Comity Committee is surely a good one, for the various bodies work in harmony, dividing territory, exchanging workers, and in every way being willing to co-operate in this great cause. The C. M. S. (Church Missionary Society, of the Church of England), is the largest society, in representation, after ours. They work only among Moslems, and in the Delta. The Egyptian General Mission has a good number of workers, doing excellent work, also in the Delta. They do not aim to organize any separate church, but encourage their converts to come and identify themselves with churches of our Mission. The North African Mission has but a few workers, but they are most efficient. One of them, Mr. Fairman, has been giving half of his time last year or two to our Mission, by arrangement with our Foreign Board and his English Society, and his help in Evangelistic campaigns has been much appreciated. That young woman whom we met back there, in despair over her Arabic, was taking most of her work in what is called the Cairo Study Center, of which Canon Gairdener, of the C. M. S., is the head, and to which various members of several missions contribute time and energy.

Two things should be noted regarding other missions in Egypt: (a). They work for the same ends as we do, as far as I can see, differing, certainly, in some points of doctrine, but agreeing that salvation comes to the believer through faith in Christ. (b). They have their own territory, and a clear understanding with other mission bodies regarding the development of work.

But alas, they do not have their territories filled any better than we do; vast tracts are left with not a missionary of any kind. The work in Assuan, carried on by a German Mission, has been stopped. There are a few other missions, mostly represented by a few missionaries, who work here and there; in Assiut, for example, there are several Canadian Holiness Missionaries working; they teach complete sanctification, wear black, have some queer ideas, and withal, I have no doubt that they have been the means of doing much good. Their "bishop" is reported to have said "that any man who wears white trousers or carries a cane will go surely to Hell." One can't be sure that he said it, but if the story be straight, and his idea correct, the writer is lost. I have known a few Holy Rollers, an odd "Church of the Living God" missionary, and one man I met on the train one day was "New Zeal and Zion" movement, or something of the sort. He came out without support, without means or plans to get the language, and with an idea that used to be fairly common, that mission work could be carried on without system, and without training. Poor man! He soon went home.

One of the saddest things I have ever seen in Egypt was the condition of a family of this sort of "adventuring" missionary. The man had come out with his family, depending on some generality at home for support, found he couldn't work without the language, didn't know how to get that apparently, and was living along, when suddenly, he was taken sick, and died. His wife and little children were sent home, partly on a collection from local people, and her faith in God was severely tried. Admire their courage, and spirit, if you will; I'll join you. But if you know anyone at home who wants to be a missionary, anywhere, advise them to get in touch with their foreign Board. If they think that unnecessary, tell them the story of the Mr. Hicks, whose disallusioned widow will substantiate all that I told of the matter above.

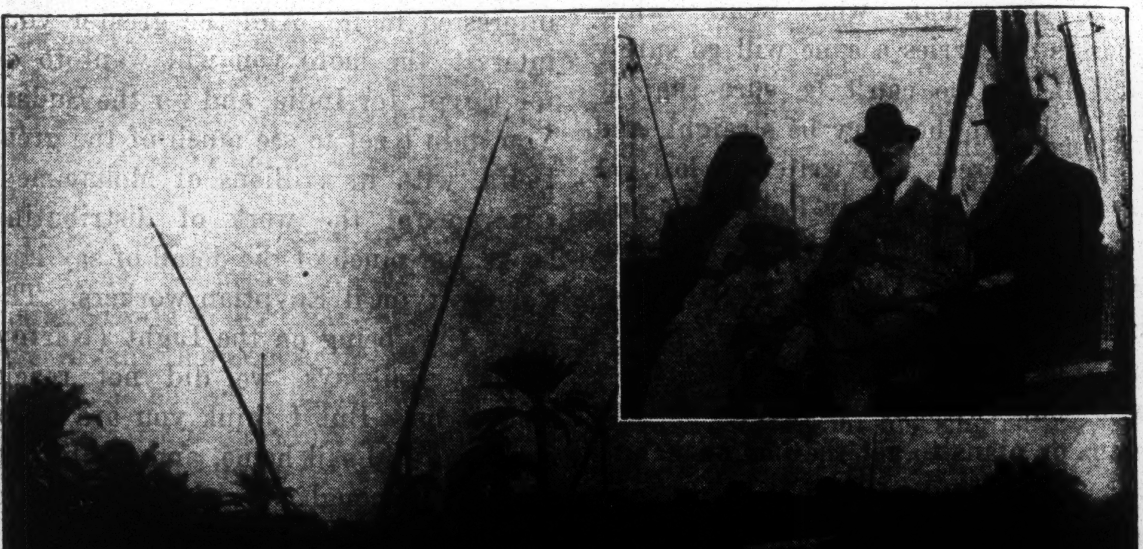
AND FINALLY.

I'm glad you came, and I wish you could have seen more. Some other time, and with some other guide, I hope you may; for the more you see and know of the work here, however and by whomever carried on, the more you will be interested in it. And the greater your interest, the more you will want to do for Egypt, for India, and for the Sudan. You didn't get to see much of the great Delta, with its millions of Mohammedans, nor of the work of distributing books, nor much of the detail of say half a dozen typical Egyptian workers. The Delta Car, being on the Light (Narrow Gauge) Railways, we did not reach. And so on. But I think you are probably ready to sail home, and really you have seen enough for once. Now you are fully equipped to speak at the next Junior Missionary meeting, without calling Miss Foolaneh (someone) who is home on furlough.

AND AFTER THIS?

You have seen the fields "white to harvest," and as a member of the United Presbyterian Church, must decide for yourself what you want to do about it. Workers, development of work, new lines of work, more Egyptian helpers, better trained—all these must come. But if they should come—and who can doubt it now?—it will be because you have decided to do more, and because we out here must do the same, that is, do more. Paul founded churches, and did it well; but where are the most of them today? If the great Apostolic Missionary sometimes failed in establishing permanence in churches, how much more shall we, and you, if we have not the presence and the power of God Himself? For to found a church, however good in itself, is after all only the beginning; and if the Egyptian Protestant Church continues to grow, and prosper, and evangelize, not for one century, or two, but on and on until its full share of the great conquest of Africa, nay, of the World, is effected, it will be, as we said at the very beginning, "not by Might, nor by Power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." Egypt is largely Moslem; what will Africa be? It, or at least the part of its nearest Egypt, cannot but be greatly affected by what happens here in this lower Nile Valley.

Mission work sometimes seems to go very slowly; results do not always come when they are expected, for one soweth and another reapeth; yet the results will come, and are coming. And after this Great War, and even during it, will not the Church of God on earth plan for and actually being to carry out, in the best way we can, and by His guidance, the spiritual conquest of this whole continent of darkness, and sin, and death; for He said: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."



THE "IBIS." THE MISSION EVANGELISTIC BOAT FOR UPPER EGYPT.
Lord Radstock and the Phillips Family on the "Ibis" Deck.

PART THREE—"THE CHALLENGE."

COMPILED BY MRS. R. G. MCGILL, HELIOPOLIS, EGYPT.

THE NEEDS OF EGYPT AS SEEN IN THE EVANGELIST WORK.

By Rev. H. P. Philips, Luxor, Egypt.

I HAVE been asked to tell you something of our needs for the evangelization of Egypt. When one starts into evangelistic work in Egypt his dominant impression is that of need—a meagre supply of workers, both foreign and native, to meet a task that is overwhelming in its proportions. The longer one continues in the evangelistic work the deeper grows the impression of need. We have seen a good deal in the papers recently about the 407 "called for to evangelize our mission fields." Our prayer is that they may all be on the firing line at the earliest possible date. But the "407" are the officers only, and we must pray for a much larger number to be raised up from among our Egyptian and Indian brethren who will furnish the real sinews of war in the conflict before us.

During the past seven years our work has been in the upper country and for the most part evangelistic, although a missionary, when he is alone, has to do everything from mending a broken pump to making a commencement address to a class of graduates and sometimes they both come in one day. Aside from the work in our central station at Luxor our work extends all along the river from Assuan to Tema a distance of 313 miles. If one is on the night express from Cairo to Luxor he will pass through Tema our northern most station at 3:42 in the morning and will reach Luxor at 9:10 o'clock. He will wait till ten o'clock for the Luxor-Assuan train and will arrive at the latter place at 4:20 in the afternoon.

How many times in a year would you advise the superintending missionary, with an annual travel allowance of fifty dollars, to cover the district? But you may ask, how many people have you in all this great stretch of country? A new census will soon be out, but in the up country it will not differ much from the last one which tells us that in our three provinces of Assuan, Kena and Girgueh we have a population of 1,798,649. Of these 158,000 are Coptic Christians, most of whom know very little of Christianity as a life to be lived. That leaves us over 1,600,000 Moslems. Now our Egyptian workers because of race hatred and fanaticism, resulting from centuries of strife and oppression, and because of political conditions, are not very enthusiastic about evangelizing their Mohammedan neighbors. Very few of the Moslems indeed will listen to an Egyptian preacher without making objections to the statements he makes concerning Christ and the scriptures. We have a few notable exceptions but as a rule the native preacher's message when he knows Moslems are present is a very diluted brand of the gospel. All this means that the work of breaking in to this great stronghold of Islam must be done largely by foreigners.

Now how many foreigners do we have for this foundation work? Before the war there were some German missionaries working in Assuan but they were supposed to work south from Assuan and what work they did do was confined to a very small portion of our district. There were also two holiness missionaries for a short time working in the district but they did not touch the great Mohammedan hordes. Most of the time during the past seven years there has not been more than one American missionary doing evangelistic work in this part of Egypt and a large portion of his time has been taken up with schools, besides the care of all the churches, and this last has been a very real thing in the Thebes Presbytery. If you had all this 1,798,000 of people gathered together in one city the size of Philadelphia and if it did not take you twelve hours of travel to cross your district and if you had a corps of eight pastors together with twelve other preachers under presbyterial appointment and besides them six lay evangelists who have not even been to college and eight Bible women and five colporteurs—if you had this small force and knew that over a million and a half of the people in your city did not even care to listen to your workers, how would you feel about the need of some one coming over into your Macedonia to help you? I suspect that you would ask for the whole of the "407."

Perhaps we can make another comparison that will help you to see more clearly the condition of need in Egypt. Suppose that you had all the people of the state of Kansas gathered together in the Kaw valley from Kansas city westward for about three hundred miles, and the valley never more than ten miles wide and walled on either side by hills rising abruptly from the plain to a height of from 500 to 1000 feet and in the narrow valley not one large city but over four hundred and fifty towns ranging from thirty thousand down to a few hundred of inhabitants but having an average population of about four thousand. Now will you think of our twenty pastors and preachers carrying on work in about thirty centers and in most of these places a small school either under pastoral control or that of the mission. Then think of our six lay evangelists in centers where there is no regular work visiting a different town each day of the week and sometimes having an itinerary covering two and even three weeks. These six evangelists are an aquisition of the past year due to the benevolence of Milton Stewart of Los Angeles. Then add to your mental picture if you will the two colporteurs of the Nile Mission Press and the three of the American Bible Society riding their donkeys day after day from village to village until they have each covered a half or a third of this great stretch of towns. Then add the humble work of the eight Bible women working in five centers and to these may be added the one American evangelistic missionary and his wife spending three or four days annually in each of the centers where there is organized work and a day in as many other towns as they find it possible to reach.

Whether the missionary thinks of the Luxor Central School with its two hundred boys together with the twelve village schools under mission direction, or whether he thinks of thirty centers where we have pastors and regular workers or the forty centers where the people get a weekly visit from a travelling evangelist or whether he thinks of the 158,000 of partially evangelized Coptic Christians or the 1,600,000 wholly unevangelized Mohammedans, he is confronted with a task that might well employ all his time. Does it not seem so to you?

Up until last year we have had but one mission boat, the faithful old Ibis, with which to reach the out-lying towns in all Egypt above Cairo. Thanks to the generosity of some unknown friend in America we now have another boat which we call the Witness. There are only about eight months when we find it possible to work in the up-country because of the excessive summer heat. During this past year we have had the whole time of the Witness in the Luxor district and since September it has been used for visiting the villages. But, you ask, what became of your Central school at Luxor and the village schools and the station accounts, etc., during all this time? They have just had to be handled at arm's length and like any work that is so managed these schools have suffered. When one man has the work of two men assigned him and sees about him the work of several others if they were only provided by the home church something must be sacrificed. This year we elected to sacrifice the efficiency of our schools for the sake of reaching more villages with the direct gospel message and that we might give closer supervision to the work of our lay evangelists. The call of the villages is stronger to some of us than the call of our educational institutions, great as is the need there. I am sure you would understand that call if you could visit a few of our four hundred and fifty-seven towns and remember that at present there are nine Moslems to every Coptic Christian and that there are eighty-nine Copts to every Protestant Christian and that there are seven hundred and seventy-four Moslems to every Protestant Christian and that the grand total is 1,798,649. Just write down that total in your note book and compare it with the population of your own state. Then take our totals of twenty preachers and six lay evangelists and add to that the influence of our twenty-nine little village schools together with our two central schools in Luxor, and the work of your American missionaries, two of them in the Luxor Boarding school together with two short term workers and then add one ordained missionary with his wife and then compare this number with the number of preachers and teachers working in your own town or ward if you happen to live in a large city and see if your town or ward does not have about as many preachers and teachers as we have for a population equal to that of your whole state.

After you have made the comparison I feel sure you will agree with me that we have a real case when we say that we should have more workers in the evangelization of Upper Egypt. Then take the need of Luxor district and multiply it by ten, for we have ten mission districts in Egypt. Start at Luxor and survey the whole land carefully to Alexandria. Ask Reed and Galloway and Henderson about Cairo, or ask Work and Baird or Caldwell and Boyd, or Hart and Elder or Roy and Gilmor in the delta and they will all tell you just as emphatically as they know how that we do need more workers. "Come over into Macedonia and help us."

"LOCATING HER" OR "INADEQUACY OF FORCES AS SEEN IN ASSOCIATION MEETINGS."

By Mrs. Gertrude Newlin Jamison.

OF ALL the committee reports that really excite speculation and interest among the missionaries of Egypt, the report of the Locating Committee stands at the head. At a certain meeting of our Association such a report had just been read. We had heard a part of it before the Association had come together, but here were some new items. The workers in some stations had been so reduced by break-downs and furloughs that the great problem was, "How to satisfy so many needs with so few people?"

At this particular time there was just one young woman far enough along in her preparation to be sent out from the Language Study Center, and if you, who read this Magazine, have ever felt any appeal strongly enough to wish that you might be three or four people at once, you will thoroughly appreciate Miss M.'s feelings during the discussion which followed. Special prayer had been offered for this, that no mistakes be made, for it is a sad thing when we allow our wills to conflict with the Father's. Still when we each can see the need of our own station more clearly than that of any other, it is very easy to feel that we are the ones in most need for help if there is any to be had.

The Locating Committee had assigned Miss M. to assist Miss McMillan with the Girls' Boarding School at Tanta. Her helper, Miss Baird, had been take from her the year before and sent to Zagazig to fill a big gap there, so she had carried the burdens of her school alone for a year. It may sound strange, but it's no light thing for one woman to be responsible alone now when every thing in the world is abnormal. So as we listened to Miss McMillan's kindly, yet strong appeal, those of us who are so new to the work here, could not but feel that she must have help. However, immediately, some one raised the question, "What about Miss Whiteside in the Luxor Girls' School?" She is even more alone than Miss McMillan, who does have the other members of her station to consult if she is left in very much difficulty, but the only other missionary in the whole Luxor district is Dr. Phillips and he is on the "Witness" most of the time and is not even accessible. Would it be right to leave that one lone missionary woman in such a responsible position with no one at hand? I suggest that Miss M. be sent to the Luxor Girls' Boarding School to give as much time as she can spare from her language study to assist Miss Whiteside.

And so the location of Miss M. seemed to lie between the two boarding schools, but before we could collect our wits, Mr. Henderson was on his feet to say, "With all due respect to the remarks of those who have preceded me, I should like to ask the Association one question. It seems that I have a double assignment for an indefinite period of time and I want to know exactly what is to be expected of me. I'm supposed to spend the month of September on the 'Ibis' for evangelistic work and at the same time have been given charge of the Girls' School in Beni Suef. Now as you already know, I'm the only missionary in that whole district, so if I could possibly be on the boat and opening the school at the same time, who would look after the interests of my station?"

Here was a problem which had not been forseen and yet it could not be ignored. Finally some member of the

Association felt that there might be another way out of the difficulty and urged that Miss M. be left in Cairo to pursue her Arabic, for how true it is, that when one is once put into the work so many duties arise to demand the attention, that language study gets pushed to the background and drags on and on. This not only hinders the efficiency of the worker, but brings on a great deal of unnecessary worry. Now can you, in a very little measure even, understand the problem that confronted us? With all of these requests before us one more was likely to be made, before the year was up because a vacancy was imminent at the Girls' College in Cairo. But after a long hour's discussion, in which almost everyone stated his opinion, Miss M. was sent to Luxor. How many of you have worked and struggled with school boards to get a position when there were fifty other applicants? How many of you have had the sensation of being desired for three or four positions at the same time? How many of you of the Young Women's Missionary Society have ever faced squarely the work of the mission fields? How many of you think of our young women here, who unselfishly labor day and night in the Master's vineyard with the sensation of really accomplishing something for Him Who did so much for us all?

"Come over into Egypt and help us."

THE NEED AS SEEN IN HAREM WORK.

By Mrs. F. K. McGill, Heliopolis, Egypt.

THE following story told by one of our Bible women at a recent conference in Cairo well illustrates the need for more workers in the homes of Egypt. The supposed Moslem woman who proves to be a Copt is only one among thousands waiting to be enlightened of whom she is a fair sample.

One day while visiting a certain house a woman came in who I thought was a Moslem. The following conversation ensued:

"Do you pray?"

"Why? I don't know how to pray."

"Do you know God?"

"No."

"What is your religion?"

"Coptic."

"Do you go to church?"

"No. I just went once or twice to the cemetery for the sake of the dead."

"What do you do for the dead?"

"I take different kinds of food with me and distribute it among the beggars there, as other people do."

"Have you heard of one called Jesus Christ?"

"I've heard His name, but I don't know Him."

"How do you live? Who provides your food and clothing?"

"I work. I wash clothes and clean floors and make bread, and do all kinds of things."

"But have you a Book in the house?"

"No. I have a picture of Mary on the wall, and every day I ask of it my dinner and supper."

"Who is Mary?"

"Really, my lady, I don't know."

"My name is Mary; perhaps it is my picture."

"It certainly resembles you; yes, it is quite like you."

"But how did you get a picture of me?"

"How can you expect me to know that?"

"Then I talked to her about God Who created the world; Who created her and provides for her. I told her about Jesus Christ Who died to save us from sin, explaining that Mary was His mother, but human like us. I spoke to her about prayer and the necessity of it, and when I saw she could not learn the Lord's Prayer I taught her a short simple prayer to pray every day. I told the lady of the house that she must not leave her neighbor in this ignorant state, but that she must teach her to pray and to know the Lord Jesus.

"After a long time I saw the woman again and talked with her; I could see much improvement in her. I pray for her and trust that He with Whom all things are possible will lead her into a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ."

N. B.—There are six million women in Egypt. To reach that number our Mission has 55 native Bible women and six of the unmarried lady missionaries who have been set aside for this special work. A few figures will show that each missionary lady with her average number of nine helpers each has a parish of one million women.—Ed. M. F.

RETRENCHMENT.

By Rev. F. D. Henderson, Beni Suef, Egypt.

ALL THE world is using military terms, and who has a better right than the advance guard of Christianity, warring against monster evils—ignorance, filth, licentiousness, and fanaticism—in preparation of the way before the King of Glory?

We have heard much of "volunteers" and "home base" and "fields" and "training" and "advance" and "victory," much of battling for human liberty and for peace, in connection with Christian missions, and rightly so. But there are terms that do not apply and should not be used in this connection. There can be no "defeat" for Christ has promised that the gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church. There is no real "retreat" for "He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat." Nor should there be use for this ugly word "retrenchment," which means lack of faith and power.

It is quite true that our missionary campaign has not always gone as we would wish. This is true for a number of reasons among which the following are conspicuous:

1. There has been lack of co-operation on the part of those who should be allies. The Coptic bishop of Giza opened a school near our little lone school in the province and took many of our pupils by threatening the parents with excommunication. The metropolitan bishop of Beni Suef pursued the same methods with greater success when he took away all but seven of our fifty-six pupils at Matai.

2. Another danger of retrenchment lies in the unfaithfulness of workers who are often anything but good soldiers of Jesus Christ. One teacher left a village school without warning, leaving the pupils to be scattered or absorbed by rival non-Christian schools. An evangelist fell into gross unnamable sin and had to be dismissed, leaving distrust of Protestants in the minds of those who knew of the case. Fortunately such cases are the exception.

3. There have been tactical blunders. Some special funds given exclusively for evangelistic work have not all been expended because of conditions laid down which could not be immediately met on account of lack of suitable workers and equipment, while at the same time small village schools which are the real nucleus of evangelistic effort in our district have been pushed to the wall.

4. Lack of faith has also threatened to be our undoing. We pray for revival but when it comes we are unprepared. We pray for funds but have not the faith through long disappointment to prepare beforehand so they can be used

fully without delay when they are received.

5. We must confess our trenches are not equipped adequately either for offense or defense. Matai school and services are held in a mud house with one-half of the roof lacking, and furnished with few rough flimsy benches that a respectable hen would hardly roost on, and yet we are glad because it is better than some others. Ashmant school and meetings are housed in a stone shed with a damp earth floor while the light and sweet breezes from a green stagnant pool come through a door at one end and a square hole in the roof. There are no windows. Because this is a promising school as to its pupils, a few of us missionaries have bought a small plot and are making an effort to get up the walls and roof of a real village school, which we hope after while when it is possible to finish and properly furnish it, will be some sort of model for others.

We are not only short of funds and equipment but especially is there a dearth of suitable workers. These must be trained up from the start, and there are so many other avenues open to the young men and women that only a few get through college with the life purpose of preaching the gospel. The great almost untouched Bahr Yousuf region in the west of my district, as well as the Giza Province, cannot be reached because of lack of some sort of centers and because of dearth of men. But the great lack here must be in prayer, for Christ has said, "Pray ye" for laborers, and evidently we have not done it or we would see the laborers thrust forth.

We may as well confess lack of complete unity and faith and power, but we shall not confess that our power has been so diminished that we have been turned out of our trenches and forced to dig in farther toward the rear. That would be to deny the power of our Captain or to confess that we are out of connection with His headquarters. Human fallibility and weakness and improper ambition there have been and still are. Our field telephones are sometimes impaired, our communications under fire, our ammunition short, our hardtack a bit dry, reinforcements and supplies inadequate and slow in arriving. But weapons are not wanting for we have the Sword of the Spirit, the Word of God. And we do not intend to give up the trenches we hold until we are relieved, till God shows us a better strategy, or until we go forward to more advanced ground.

THE URGENCY OF THE TASK.

By Mrs. Amy E. Zwemer, Cairo, Egypt.

IN THESE days of printing presses and world wide travel there is scarcely any need to enlarge upon this point, the need is self-evident to all who read and think, and even to the casual observer of present world conditions. Dr. John R. Mott, writing in 1914, said that "the present world situation is unprecedented in opportunity, in danger and in urgency." If this was so before the war, how much more now after three years of struggle and strife, and unprecedented exhibition to the non-Christian world, at once, of the strength and the weakness of Christendom.

The opportunity in Egypt is unlimited, and this from the lowest to the highest, running through all grades of society. The danger is also unprecedented to all classes because there is such a thing as an open door closing again and being doubled locked from the inside. The present-day student has come to the place where old things have passed away with nothing more worthy to take the place of the old standards. Now is the time to present Christ in such a way that He will win them of this generation.

Results of mission work are slow because the church is slow to respond to the urgent calls for help, slow in sending her best trained members; tardy in discharging her financial liabilities to the non-Christian world. Then there is danger to the large growing classes from primary schools, the middle class of any nation is its backbone—"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." How is the "backbone of Egypt" to be swung away from the danger point of progressive usefulness in building up the nation in four square life of National greatness. The little knowledge can be augmented by literature, lectures and other efforts for the proper development of the individual and the community. Then there is the opportunity of reaching the neglected classes which if not seized now will be a greater danger in the future. Much is being done but it is on philanthropic lines and is good as far as it goes, but it falls far short of the goal.

I visited the Reformatory for girls: it is a beautiful building, perfectly arranged rooms, cleanliness and sanitation, beautiful gardens and trees, regular lessons, drill and house work and ethics. This is for girl criminals between the ages of seven and eighteen years of age. What are the results? If opportunity offers after the term expires there is a return to former conditions. Why? Because there is no foundation; a beautiful building, no matter how well built is sure to fall sooner or later if there is no adequate foundation. A well ordered Christian home is an urgent necessity for these girls after completing their terms under restraint. Who will step forward for this work. There is also a splendid opportunity for social and spiritual development among the bootblacks, newspaper boys, match girls and such like.

The danger of this lost opportunity is that ignorance, shiftlessness and poverty will be perpetuated for generations to come; when, now the tide might be turned, and a generation of trained men and women take the place of ignorance and shiftlessness.

A home for homeless children was opened a few years ago. These children are almost born in the gutter, they have lived in the streets all of their young lives and in haunts of evil; they know sin from a good many points in its lowest forms. It is a good thing to take them from the streets and keep them behind lock and key and to feed them regularly with wholesome food, and to teach them to work, to wash and clothe themselves properly, but if there is no higher ideal, nor anything deeper, than the law and respectability, the children will not be transformed but the "last state will be worse than the first" because they will be better equipped for evil.

I have spoken of city life which obtains in Cairo, Alexandria, Tanta, Port Said, and other large cities and towns. "If these years are wasted," said Dr. Mott, "havoc may be wrought that centuries are not able to repair. On the other hand if rightly used they may be the most glorious in Christian history."

WAYS IN WHICH MONEY CAN HELP MEET EGYPT'S NEED.

By Mrs. Loretta M. Hoyman.

COULD YOU see the pitiful ignorance of the women of Egypt your heart would break for them. They know they are sinners, yes, but they have no knowledge of the Saviour. Like the cattle of the field they obey their masters and like the cattle they see no other reward than a place to sleep and food to eat. Never have we fearlessly met the challenge their need makes to the women of America. Do you know what your gifts would do?

One of the workers from the new Stewart Memorial Fund went to a village near Assiut and in a few months a meeting place was overflowing and local helpers have now been secured who will carry on the work when the one appointed has gone to open up another place. This is but one instance of the wonderful chain of undertakings made possible by that fund which came to us when the outlook for extending the evangelistic work was so dark. With it many workers have been sent into wholly untouched fields—some of them small villages, others towns of even 20,000 inhabitants.

Each new door opened leads to others and so this new fund in operation opens the need for more literature. In this small financial gifts would be a wonderful help. There are also needed gifts of Bible picture cards and charts and the Sabbath School helps so invaluable and attractive at home.

Listen to one Bible Secretary while she pleads for her work: "Give me five dollars and I will (1) buy literature or (2) pay for itinerating trips, (3) pay travel of a Bible woman, (4) buy song books, (5) print a Bible Woman's Course of Study in Life of Christ, (6) keep little Fatma in a Protestant School where she is preparing for Bible Woman's Work. Give me ten dollars and I will (1) pay one month's salary for a Bible woman or (2) pay expenses for a week's Bible Study for Bible women in my district, (3) pay rent for Bible women's quarters, (4) buy two lahafs (comforts) for Bible women, (5) buy much needed dulab (cupboard) for literature, (6) pay rent for much needed office room for perhaps two months, (7) pay room rent in village for a year. Give me fifty dollars and I will (1) buy a suit case organ, (2) pay for a scholarship in Luxor School or P. M. I. for village girl who wants to be a Bible woman, (3) help buy a typewriter."

Or perhaps you are more interested in Educational work? Let us look at the situation with the Mission Inspector of Schools. "There are scores of schools with a golden opportunity which I could grasp with a dollar and a quarter or two dollars and a half a month. One teacher has no time piece, no map, or other articles or school room equipment save a bench around the wall for the boys and a table for himself. His work is of the poorest but the congregation dare not dismiss him for he holds the position at two dollars per month and they cannot pay more." "What we need," says Mr. Thompson, "Is a fund with which to aid these struggling schools and this aid would be given on conditions relating to cleanliness, the character of the teacher, and the local aid provided by the congregation." Many of these teachers get only six dollars a month when ten dollars is a mere living salary. Most illiterate cooks earn more than many Christian teachers. The teacher at I— gets two dollars from the church and two dollars and a half from his pupils and how he and his family live on it is a mystery. Does not this need appeal to you?"

Perhaps you like girls' schools. Permission has been given for the addition of a Normal Training Course to the curriculum of the P. M. I. and this would make possible a more thorough training of scores of girl teachers trying to give to the children of their village what they have received. A thousand dollars would cover the running expenses of such a department for a year. Come into our kindergarten and on rough wooden benches around an equally rough table see the crowd of eager, happy children in a room that is by turn chapel, dining room and class room; follow the children as they troop out into the dusty scant bit of play ground. Compare this with the roomy well-equipped kindergartens of the home-land with their generous playgrounds. Five dollars would buy some games, ten dollars some little chairs, twenty dollars some tables, a thousand dollars would run a kindergarten, such as is needed, for a year and more.

Your hearts would have ached as did ours had you seen the thirty-five girls who this year have already had to be turned away for lack of room. To some of them there may never again come the opportunity to enter school; one, indeed has already been married without any preparation whatever for her new responsibilities. Five hundred boys and girls each giving five dollars could buy an acre of the land on which to build a new school big enough to take in all of these dear hungry hearts. Twelve dollars would pay for a day girl for one year and fifty dollars would pay for a boarder for the same time.

There are only a very, very few of the endless ways in which money can help. Away off at home, the land of many opportunities for boys and girls to be prepared to take up the responsibilities of Christian men and women, the land where all may have the gospel preached unto them. Can you not hear the call of the women and girls of Egypt?

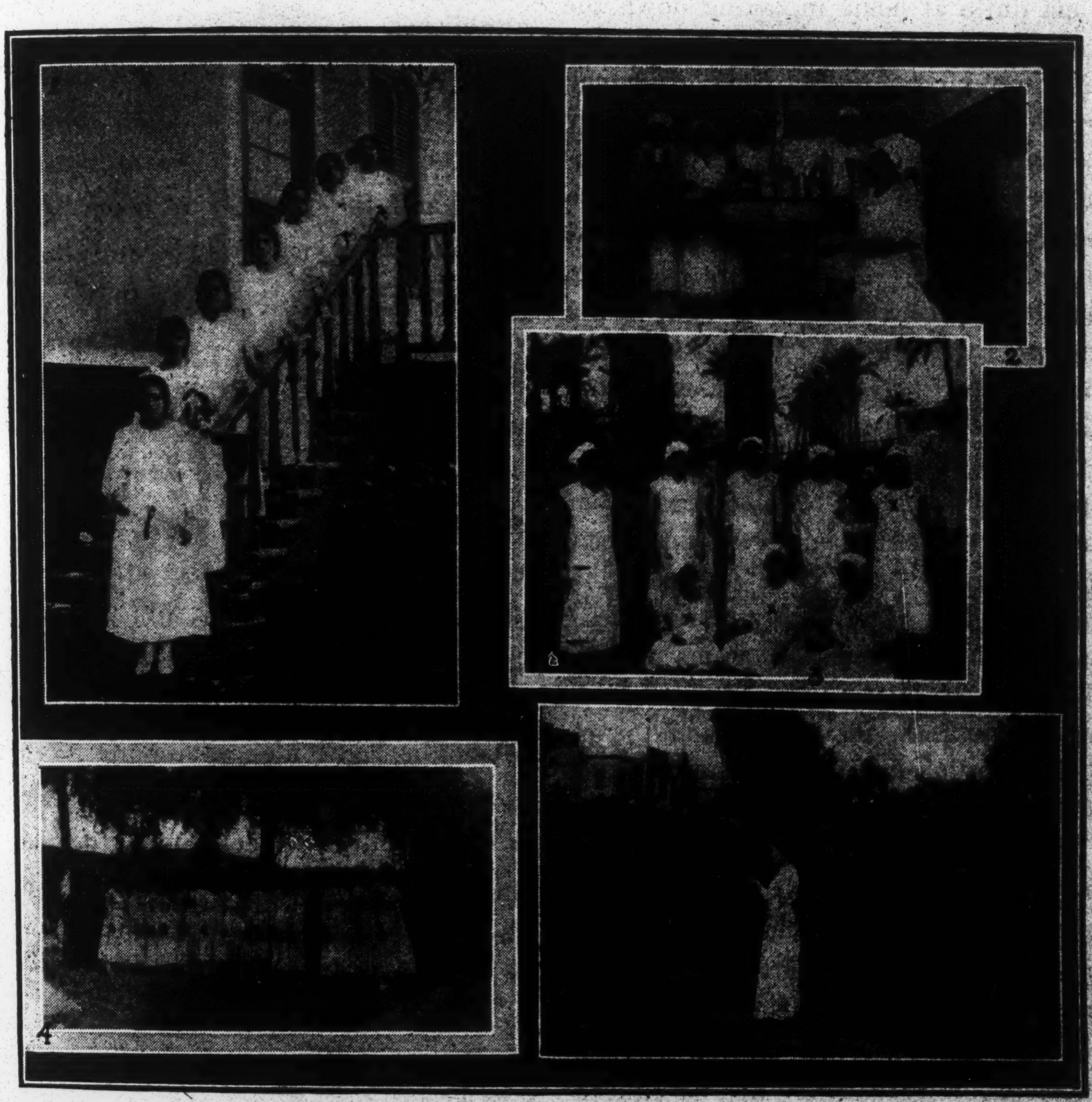
P. S.—A short-term teacher who had become a regular missionary said, "What appealed to me was to see people falling in their tracks and no one to take their places." Miss Criswell started the above article and then she just sank down under the too much of everything she had been carrying and is laid aside perhaps for half a year. Some one finished out her notes but I want to add what another young lady said in the last Association meeting, "People say to me, 'Why don't you have a secretary to save your time and strength?'—I have no money. I look here and there and see many things that could be better done but—I have no money. I tell you, friends, economy is often a very sharp two-edged sword cutting both ways and ruining our schools. There's very great danger in having as little money as we have for educational work."

Then Mr. ——— added, "I feel very strongly that our mission is supporting more schools than it can pay for."

The Government has talked for years of making certain requirements as to grounds and buildings. If it does many of our schools will be cut off if they have not more money. Some more schools will surely have to stop even now to keep the rest going.

Think of it! Egypt received for educational work in 1911-12, $39,646 and in 1917-18, $40,533, an advance of less than $900 in seven years in a land sunk in ignorance. The more poor children you have the more it costs and wheat is $4.50 a bushel and potatoes $4.80. More than that our total working classes (funds for evangelistic and educational work and running expenses) have fallen over $2,000 in the same seven years. Surely there's no money from regular channels for advance or improvement, there's only a desparate holding on. Oh! We need people of big vision; someone to lift the debt on Cairo Girls' College, someone to endow the Medical work, someone—many people—to plant this land with God's word, to flood it with Christian teaching and teachers, preaching and preachers. We need, oh, we need so much, your lives, your prayers now to do things whereof God and Egypt shall be glad.

(MRS.) LORETTA M. HOYMAN.



A CHALLENGE TO THE CHURCH AT HOME!

1. The Class of 1917 at Pressley Memorial Institute. 2. "At Their Cooking Lesson" in Pressley Memorial Institute. 3. Domestic Science Class; girls marked (x) are now teachers. 4. Class of 1918; are they not lovely girls! 5. Miss Mary M. Pattison in the Grounds of the Cairo Girls' College.

NOTE:—Miss Finney's plan was to place these illustrations through Prof. C. A. Owens' article. We consider this group is an appeal and a challenge to the church at home. Nothing can awaken the church more than the fruits of its undertaking. Surely this is a delightful illustration. Are they not all fine and promising!—Editor Women's Missionary Magazine.

HOW WE CAN TRY TO MEET THE CHALLENGE ON THE FIELD.

By Anna Y. Thompson, Cairo, Egypt.

IT IS easier to tell what we are doing as a Mission in the evangelistic line, or the educational, or the medical work, or in literature and its distribution, than it is to tell what we should do. My ability is more for carrying out details, than for planning out great schemes, so I am quite at home in taking down the weekly figures which make up average and in taking in little sums of money from the women and girls whom by means of missionary societies and Sabbath School collections, we are trying to teach benevolence, or self-support; and all the little pieces of bronze or nickle may be as precious in God's sight as the widow's two mites. I find that statistics for so many things as I am entrusted with, take up a good deal of time, and I often wish for a little more time for study, but I am rushed very fast from one thing to another, and from one meeting to another, and from one place to another, (like some other missionaries) and careful preparation seems impossible, and the time for prayer and fasting hard to find. So more time and more workers are needed in order to do better work, in many lines.

There should be more time to spend on work for individuals, talking with enquirers, or visiting them or praying with them, and more letters should be written to those who through their employment have been transferred to lonely places, or where there are no church privileges. This would be true also of church members, or former pupils or hospital patients, no difference what their religion may be. There is now a steam launch in the Delta for visiting the villages, and also a car so that towns on the river, and those far from the river, can be reached by missionary workers. But if there were more workers, these could be in constant use and so many more Moslems could be reached with the Gospel message. The two boats in Upper Egypt are a great blessing in opening up new places for enquirers and especially for visiting established churches and schools, and encouraging the pastors and evangelists in their work which is often difficult; and the spiritual help means much to them, and the example of some of the missionaries in reaching the Mohammedans is an object lesson to them. But some of the helpers on these tours are men or women, who are already full of work in their stations.

It is a privilege to help to direct these Egyptian workers and there should be more people who can be set apart for it. Those who meet educated Mohammedans should be well informed in the Moslem faith, but especially in bringing to their minds the right idea about our Savior, and the way of salvation. There seems to be an unlimited field open for visiting, and for beginning small meetings whether with the aid of a small school or without one. And also the use of literature, whether portions of Scripture or tracts, of which there is now a fine supply, especially for Mohammedans. But all these things require time and money and workers. And much prayer is needed both there and at home for only God's Spirit can make these means effectual.

BY CONSECRATION OF OUR SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

By Rena L. Hogg.

YOU CANNOT know with what diffidence I pick up my pen. I have been asked to write you a letter, and though I could not decline the task I accepted it with such inward shrinkings that I have dallied till I am ashamed.

MISS RENA L. HOGG.

For what do I know of Motherhood that I should be appointed to beg a mother to give up her child? Will the mother not justly argue that I am intruding on a domain of which I know nothing, or only as the street urchin knows the rich man's garden who has gazed at its beauties through the gate that shuts him out?

Yet is that wholly true? To be a daughter is to know something of motherhood not wholly from the outside and I have had a mother but for whom I should have missed my life work. Perhaps that makes it right for me to speak. If I do have a message for you it will be not from me but a message from her.

What a wayward sprite is memory; childishly preserving valueless trifles as though they were gems of the first water and carelessly dropping treasures that we never doubted her competence to guard! Yet sometimes the years justify her choice, the trifle growing in worth and lustre till we prize it as a gem. One of these shines for me now with significance and beauty.

It is an incident that occurred more than twenty years ago. Our little U. P. church of Scotland had a name for missionary zeal. Our fields were many for so small a body—India, Manchuria, Japan, S. Africa, W. Africa, and Jamaica. Our big enthusiastic meetings were our glory and the envy of larger denominations. But in spite of all this W. Africa was calling for more lady missionaries and calling in vain. Money, but not service, was obtainable and the pleadings of the missionaries and of the Board seemed alike to fall upon deaf ears.

MRS. BESSIE HOGG.
Mother of Rena L. Hogg, wife of Rev. John Hogg, D. D., missionary in Egypt, 1860-1888.

Three ladies, mothers, returning from a mission gathering were discussing the situation, the pity of it, its causes, its effects and with whom the blame lay.

Could it be that the mothers were in any way responsible? Were they hindering their daughters from making the required sacrifice?

At last one of them touched a more personal note, her thoughts turning to her own precious circle. "I would keep none of mine back," she said, "I would think it wrong to thwart them if they felt called to such a life work. But," she admitted ingenuously, "of course I am very grateful that none of them have had any leanings towards foreign mission work."

It was then my mother spoke, little given to uttering her heart's secrets, but utterance surprised from her before her habitual shyness had time to assert itself. "Oh," she exclaimed with a little deprecating laugh, "I pray every day that my children may have that leaning! I want God to use every one of them."

Dear "Somebody," which sort of mother are you? Is the desire of your heart which is your real prayer, however wordless, a golden chain binding your children to hearth and home and the familiar easy ways of life or a golden chain binding them to God, or rather a breath of the Spirit of Jesus inspiring them to a life of venture for Him and invisibly moving them to follow His trail wherever that may lead? Is it not only the second kind of mother whose motherhood is distinctively Christian? Surely the Christian mother must bear the family likeness. There must be something in her that reminds one of the Father Who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.

My mother's prayer was answered. When she spoke her two oldest were already on the mission field. Three more were to follow later in their turn and how the first of these came to seize her opportunity is part of my mother's message to you, for it may be that you are meant to do what she did. It happened on this wise.

I had long felt the call that sends one across the seas but the way was not open. There were nearer claims. "In two years or so," I said, and again, "In two years or so," as many are saying in America today, perhaps a daughter of yours among the number. For it happened with me as when one climbs a mountain. At each point reached I found new stretches revealed invisible before, until at last it seemed as though my whole life might pass in looking forward. And strange to say in spite of the many inner struggles of the early days there was creeping into my spirit a subtle content lulling my regrets to sleep. It was good to feel that the home depended upon me, that I was indispensible!

It was then that my mother woke me to listen to the call renewed. What form it took is not essential to the story. The essential point is this, that I, the one most concerned, recognized no call! I would have passed it by smilingly and without consideration. How could it be otherwise? There was a household of ten to cater for besides an inefficient servant who often seemed more of a worry than an aid. Surely it would be sheer selfishness to desert one's post for the sake of any external call whatsoever!

But she saw more clearly than that. She looked forward and the path seemed to stretch on for years without a turning. To wait till change was easy meant to wait till opportunity was past; for Boards, more distrustful of age than of youth, do not send out missionaries who have waited till the home ties loosened and the way became clear. As for the home duties, she believed arrangements could be made for them, not without loss it is true but we must not count loss for Christ and He would not fail her.

All this she set before me. The time had come, she thought, and she urged that not till I had weighed every consideration should I set aside the call as impossible.

Do you think that was easy for her? No. not though she prayed every day that God would put the longing in our hearts. Memory has not been careless of what I committed to her keeping in those days of strain nor in the months that followed, but there are some things one cannot share, not even to strengthen an appeal. You can ask your own heart if it was easy. One mother's heart should understand another's.

How I longed in those days to comprehend how other daughters, better Christians than I was, could live on placidly at home no matter what calls were ringing in their ears from across the waters, how other mothers certainly not more needy nor more precious and loving than mine could feel so comfortably certain that they had the right to encourage them to remain! If I could only learn their secret and feel likewise I might spare my mother this sacrifice. But the only answer that I got was "If I will * * * What is that to thee' Follow thou Me." So we followed.

We have looked back many times and counted our gains. It is a hundred-fold more in this present life according to promise. I am never more sure of it than when walking the street near the house in which we lived, specially towards evening with the reflection of the street lamps glinting from a watery pavement and the wind blowing rain in my face. Some magic of the place and the air seems to bring back the days when a struggle with the elements was a relief from the struggle of a problem unsolved and I see myself the woman I would have been in the groove that circumstances had made for me if the scales had dipped on the other side, and all that I would have missed of life's best treasures.

How slight a touch might have turned the scales! Had my mother's words been born of anything less than the sweet force that filled them they could not have weighted the scales as they did. Had they sprung merely from a mother's love and care for a daughter's ambitions or from a life-long devotion to duty they would not have moved the balance. What gave them their weight will give weight to your words also. It was that there breathed through them an actual love for the Father's will and a genuine sharing of Christ's feeling as He looked on the multitude hungering to satisfy their hunger for they know not what and in so doing to satisfy the hunger in the heart of the Father.

I have been painfully conscious while writing that all this is very personal, but I have had a curious feeling that I am writing not for a crowd of unknown readers, but rather for one person whose children's future is at stake, who should set son or daughter free tomorrow but has fancied herself without responsibility in the matter. I do not know her but it is for her I have told my story and as I turn from its memories that to me have become sacred, I cannot but pray for her that God's blessing may go with my little tale and may rest upon her and make her one of those whom Jesus called His mothers.

EGYPT AS IT LOOKS TO ME NOW.

A COUNTRY to be described in superlatives—one of the most fertile spots on the earth and populated by people most interesting but pitifully ignorant—ignorant of a Christ "with a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me," and ignorant of Savior. Therefore, it is a country of greatest need, a need for workers, to whom is open a great responsibility and a great opportunity. Those of us who have been eye-witnesses of that need await with no little impatience the time when we may return to do our small share. They are "the light of the world"—of Egypt, their world. How can so few light up so great a territory?

MARY FRANCES M'DOUGALL,
(Short term worker).

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Although I have been away from Egypt for three years there is a witchery, a spell, a charm about it that is irresistable. I would still be happy to be back there engaged in the work and I feel the need is greater than ever before.

At times while I was in the American Mission Girls' College in Cairo I would get discouraged and wonder if really after all it were worth while—did we really do those girls any good? I know now it is worth while, I know that we were doing good, and more do I know it as I hear of how our girls have gone out and established Sabbath School classes, and of how they have thrown aside old customs, pride, restrictions, and are teaching or even acting as heads of schools and holding "chapel" exercises every day, managing things in a perfectly amazing way. Is not that evidence of the good of the schools, not to mention the changes in the hearts and lives of the girls themselves. May God bless Egypt, especially her girls.

AGNES YOUNG SHERRICK,
(Short term worker).

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Egypt, perishing for lack of God and not knowing her need. Nor does she see her supreme need for evangelization that she may be an evangelizing force in neighboring lands. The Sudan, Arabia, North Africa speak the same language—what could not Egypt's young men and women do in these countries if they were sent forth by God?

And He needs—just now—missionaries who will dare to be spiritual leaders, loving, and living for, God and Egypt.

MARION PADEN,
(Missionary since 1901).

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My heart leaps up whenever I hear the name of Egypt. Years ago when my sister went out with her husband to that distant land it suddenly became near, and when I myself was permitted to labor there for a while it grew unspeakably precious. Now that it shelters my brother and his family, as well as many of my dearest friends, I thank God daily for His watchful care over Egypt.

What of the morrow? We in the home-land trust that the hopes of many hearts are soon to be fulfilled, and that the land which once cradled the Holy Child Jesus is soon to welcome Him as Savior and Lord. Then shall the promises of Isa. 19-21 be fulfilled.

CAROLYN PHILIPS BLACKWOOD,
(Short term worker).
Columbia, S. C.

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An endless procession of dark-robed, burden-bearing women, hundreds of young girls whose hearts and lives are blighted with sin and shame, swarms of loveless, helpless, little children—these present such a challenge of future possibilities to our church today, yes, I say possibilities, for as Christ cleansed the leper by the wayside, does He not now look with the same love and tender concern upon all "such as the least of these," our brothers and sisters in Egypt?

GRACE L. ANDERSON,
(Short term worker).

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"Prayer changes things." Often when in Egypt, I felt an overwhelming need of sympathy, of wisdom, of love and of power deeper than I knew. Often my need was met in a wonderful way. Some one had prayed.

Till I am permitted to return to Egypt, my joy is in intercession for the workers in the Master's vineyard there, and for the multitudes with and for whom they labor—especially the millions as yet unreached.

MARGARET A. BELL,
(Missionary since 1899).
Phoenix, Arizona.

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Since going into another denomination so many people say to me, "Why, we never heard of Egypt in the missionary sense before," or "We are so glad to hear of this part of the Mohammedan world for we never realized what a strategic position Egypt occupies in relation to the whole Mohammedan problem."

My years in Egypt have then proved a great blessing to me in that God uses even me to tell others of the people whom I learned to love. And so the longing to be with them again, which will steal over my heart at times, is satisfied in trying to arouse missionary interest in the home-land.

EULA MCCLENAHAN BEAL,
(Missionary).

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The sight of the vacant faces of the great crowds of Egypt's women, and their hopeless, shrieking, wails over their dead rent my heart for pity of such benighted womanhood. The memory after these years appeals as mightily. Oh that every Christian woman of America could see and hear this nigh unto eternal woe and thereafter be devoted in prayer, life, and gift to the ministration to these of the spiritual gifts Christ has abundantly bestowed on this favored land.

ELIZABETH R. M. PORTER,
(Short term worker).

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I have been very eagerly reading the news of Egypt and the opportunity which the missionaries are having to minister to the boys of the allied armies on their way to carry freedom's banner into the land of Christ's birth. We are all hoping and praying that Palestine may be delivered, and that this war may usher in a new era of opportunity for all our missionaries who are working in Moslem lands.

I can never feel grateful enough for my three years spent as a teacher in Cairo. Egypt's needs, my own experiences in helping to meet them, and the fine personalities of the missionaries whom I knew there, have been an inspiration to me during all these years since my return, and, in the missionary work of the home church, have been of inestimable benefit. The cause of missions is still very dear to my heart, and I may say, after the manner of Paul, my heart's desire for Egypt is that she may be saved.

Mrs. R. C. Peters,
(Short term worker).
Patton, Pa.

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Twenty years of my life, devoted to the service of our Lord in Egypt, gives me an intense interest in the great struggle of the present day—for I know the part Egypt must take in it.

To her great honor has been given on the pages of history in the past. No less a portion will be hers in the future.

To meet her call to duty, our church has organized a strong and mighty band, in that land, upon whom will fall a tremendous task.

The young Evangelical Church will be called to carry the torch of the Gospel light to the host of Moslems out of the Darkness of Islam, now that its fetters are being broken, into Day.

They and they only can lead on to Victory. Wonderful and efficient as the work is a mighty effort to strengthen all the force is essential that they fail not. To have had a small part in this preparation makes my heart rejoice. It would add to this my joy, could I witness the ingathering.

You, who are in the midst of the battle I congratulate. To all, who are hearing the "still small voice" calling them "over there," I say, fear not to go forward, for the fields are ripe to the harvest, your sheaves will be many.

Yours in His name,
Leanora McDowell Dysart,
Missionary since 1892.

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To me Egypt appears as a hand extended out from a dense darkness of ignorance, superstition and sin-calling for help to free her from these bonds. Can you not hear the voices calling? What a privilege and a joy to respond to that call by going. We hear much about sacrifice in these days, but it is not the missionary who talks of it. I have tried both going and staying at home and I know that the sacrifice suffered by the missionary is nothing as compared with the sacrifice of the one who wants so much to go but can not.

Sara M'Crory Lunes,
(Short term worker).

Mrs. Lunes also says in her letter, "If my life was to live over again I would surely try to see to it that my physical being was kept in such shape that would not keep me at home. But my day of grace is past—all I can do is to try to have my little ones prepared to go when they hear the call."

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As a former worker in Egypt, I often think of what people who do not go there are missing.

The country itself is wonderful. There are the happy associations with the workers; the joy of helping others to a better life; and the peace that comes to a life surrendered to the Master's service.

If most people realized this, there would be such an exodus of additional workers from America to Egypt, as would astonish the church at home and bring joy and relief to the missionaries there. It would create a keener sense of appreciation on the part of the Egyptians than they have experienced and that is saying much. And it would win a smile of approval from our heavenly Father, such as we have never seen before.

T. Ulrica Liggitt,
(Short term worker).

AN IMPRESSION OF THE NEED.

(By a New Missionary).

Mary L. Thompson, Cairo, Egypt.

"I WISH you success in your work, but I feel awfully sorry for you." Has not many a young missionary listened to similar farewells? Pity for her is not always quite so frankly expressed, but it is there just the same.

Is she to be pitied? If service is to be the object of her life, certainly not. When the new missionary first enters the country she begins to see the great need for Christian work. It is much more real than ever before. The earnest appeals which she has heard from the lips of returned missionaries seem none too strong, for she realizes how fully they have learned to know the needs which to her uninitiated eyes seem so appalling.

At first the sad sights that carry with them such an appeal crowd upon the new worker in such a way that she is overwhelmed. Of all the many impressions she is daily receiving, it seems an almost hopeless task to choose ones which are particularly striking.

Out of the choice of impressions resulting from the writer's brief stay in Egypt perhaps the one which stands out most prominently as an expression of the need was an excursion to the Bab-eg-Zuweyla.

This gate, or doorway, belongs to one of the mosques of Old Cairo. This place offers a splendid opportunity for the observing of the customs of Mohammedan worship, for it is frequented by great numbers of faithful Moslems. The gate is the most outstanding feature of the whole place to the person who is having her first glimpse of Mohammedan customs. Worship here is supposed to bring healing for all physical ills and comfort for sorrow.

A steady stream of people pass through the great massive arch of the gate. Dirty little children dodge in and out among the mass of humanity and beasts of burden. Women, with veiled faces, shuffle along, the tail of their black dresses trailing through the dust of the narrow street. Sometimes these women carry burdens upon their heads, sometimes a mother carries a tiny dirty body astride her shoulder. Students coming to the school in the mosque and beggars form part of the procession. The crowd turns aside to allow a camel laden with fodder to shamble past. The rumble of a cart drawn by a donkey with a jingling bell about his neck adds to the din of the noisy hawkers selling native bread and other wares too numerous to mention. All this goes on in a street so narrow that the carriage which brought us there seemed to be too large for the place.

As the noisy dirty crowd pushes leisurely on, here and there one steps aside to worship a while at the gate. The thick walls on the inside of the arch are covered with huge nails, on which, as far as a man can reach, are hung bits of clothing and hair, or perhaps a tooth, all left there by worshippers in the hope of gaining some benefit from this token that they have been there to seek relief.

A lame woman hobbled up as we stood and looked. She touched the gate with her knee and then passed on. Seated on the ground nearby was a woman with a cough who was searching her clothing for a rag to hang on one of the nails. A blind woman came and pressed her forehead against the sacred place. Then came a young girl, who leaned her head against the wall as she murmured certain words. At last she turned and kissed the hard stone. Young as she was on her face was pictured the deepest sorrow. In vain she was seeking comfort from this worship.

How sad it is to see these women groping so blindly for comfort and relief. They might all hear the words of Jesus, "I am the door," if only there were enough workers to teach them.

Shall the women of our church not respond to the appeal of these sorrowful ones and send out the young ladies who are needed to bring the message of Christ's love to their loveless hearts?

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MISSIONARIES AT NEW WILMINGTON CONFERENCE, AUGUST, 1918.

This group shows missionaries home on furlough, also missionaries-elect expecting to enter the fields—Egypt, Sudan and India. Also missionaries returning this fall. Dr. Maria White was absent when this picture was taken. She returns to India with the party this fall.

Upper Left:—Mrs. McLaughlan, Mrs. Brandon, Miss Parr, Miss Roma Beatty, Miss Downie, Rev. Ayers, Helen Anderson, May Caldwell, Dr. Pollock, Dora Mason, Miss Stewart, Miss Coie, Miss Lois Buchanan, Miss Mackenzie, Dr. Simpson, Dora Whitely, Mrs. Ross, Rev. Ross.

Middle Row:—Rev. McLaughlan, Mary Campbell, Mary Lawrence, Mrs. W. T. Anderson, Dr. W. T. Anderson, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Hunt, Dr. Hunt.

Lower Row:—Rev. Mackenzie, Helen Adair, Rev. Rankin, Mrs. Rankin, Rev. H. J. Stewart, Miss Boyd, Eleanor Holliday.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

SUDAN.

Mrs. T. A. Lambie, Editor.

A PARISH CALL.

By Mrs. P. J. Smith.

One day my husband and I visited Torkwoin, this is a village about six or eight miles from Nasser. The trip is usually made on foot over hard dry land, but the river was occupying the whole country this year in a great flood, for weeks the people paddled all over the great plains from village to village in their little dugout canoes.

We started out early in the morning in a Nuer canoe, made of a tree trunk hollowed out as you probably know. Goguk and Puk, two Nuer boys who spend most of their time at the Mission working occupied either end of the canoe each with a single oar. Puk's wife, my husband and I were the passengers. The first part of our journey was on the Sobat itself, I was rather nervous during this part of the trip for the river is very deep and the Nuer canoe is not the most stable craft afloat, being easily tipped if the passengers move the least bit. Soon we left the river and rowed over the flooded country, it seemed very strange to be travelling in a boat over what had been dry land a few weeks ago. For at least half an hour we journeyed through a pond of beautiful water lilies.

It took up about two hours to reach Torkwoin. We rowed right up to the dike, (all the villages were surrounded with dikes about two feet high during the flood), and stepped down into the village. Puk took us to his brother's house. We did not go inside but sat on a nicely tanned cow skin outside the door. Though we had never visited this village before, a number of the people knew us, some of the young men had worked at the Mission, others had seen us when they came to Nasser to see friends or to trade with the merchants. So we soon had a little crowd of acquaintances gathered about us.

After greeting them we had a little talk about Christ. We told them of how Christ loved them and had a lovely home prepared for them in heaven if they would only love Him. They had heard some of this before because some who had been to the Mission and heard this new teaching had told of it when they returned home, they were much interested in the singing and a few were able to join in and sing a little with us. It is surprising to see them learn and seem to comprehend the sung word so much more readily than the spoken. We spent a very pleasant half hour talking together of the things of the Kingdom.

We spent another hour or so visiting, I asked the women concerning their children and they asked me about mine, some of them were very curious about my shoes, wondering if they would come off, as we were leaving one hut the woman said, "O do not go yet sit and let us have a little visit together!" Presently we were called back to Puk's brother's home, there they had a gourd full of nicely cooked durra for us to eat. They gave us a spoon made out of a horn, we sat on the ground with the gourd between us as we at. It must have seemed queer to them to see me eating with my husband instead of sitting patiently at a distance until he had finished and then partaking of what my lord had left for me, as is their custom. None of them ate with us but they watched us, perhaps thinking we did not enjoy it since we were so quiet about it, their eating is an audible performance.

Though it was still early in the afternoon when we finished our repast, we started home. We did not want to be caught out after dark, the mosquitoes were too numerous.

We went to a strange village, that village, for the sake of a few of its people who knew us, received us most hospitably, some acquaintances were made that day which will probably ripen into friendships, but most important of all they heard and heard gladly of the Saviour, it was such a little though and their comprehensions are so dwarfed. Do pray that these poor Nuers may be given the opportunity to know of Christ's love in the thousands of villages just as ignorant as this one.

HERE AND THERE IN THE SUDAN.

By Mrs. T. A. Lambie.

Rev. and Mrs. Smith and family are on their way back to Nasser after a rest in Egypt they are bringing with them an Egyptian evangelist who is to be located at Nasser, he will be a great help to us in working amongst the Arab traders, who are rapidly increasing in numbers. Pray that he may be filled with the Spirit of Christ in all his work.

Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie are being detained in Egypt longer than they had planned to stay on account of little Dorothy's health, she has been having dysentery but was improving at last reports.

Dr. Giffen writes that he is collecting materials and expects to go down to Sinkat and build a house. This may be a change of occupation for him but one could scarcely call it a rest. Mrs. Giffen and Miss Grove had hoped to accompany him but there is no place for them to stay till this house is built. Sinkat is being tried out as a possible "Rest" place for tired Sudan missionaries.

Rev. and Mrs. Sowash have decided to delay their departure for America for another year. They are taking their vacation in Egypt at present. Mona, Rosamond and Peggy are with them having had a semester at the Anglo-American school in Cairo.

Dr. and Mrs. Gilmor are planning to leave for Egypt the end of July. Dr. Gilmor has been having his hands full at Doleib Hill. Patients and language study leave little spare time.

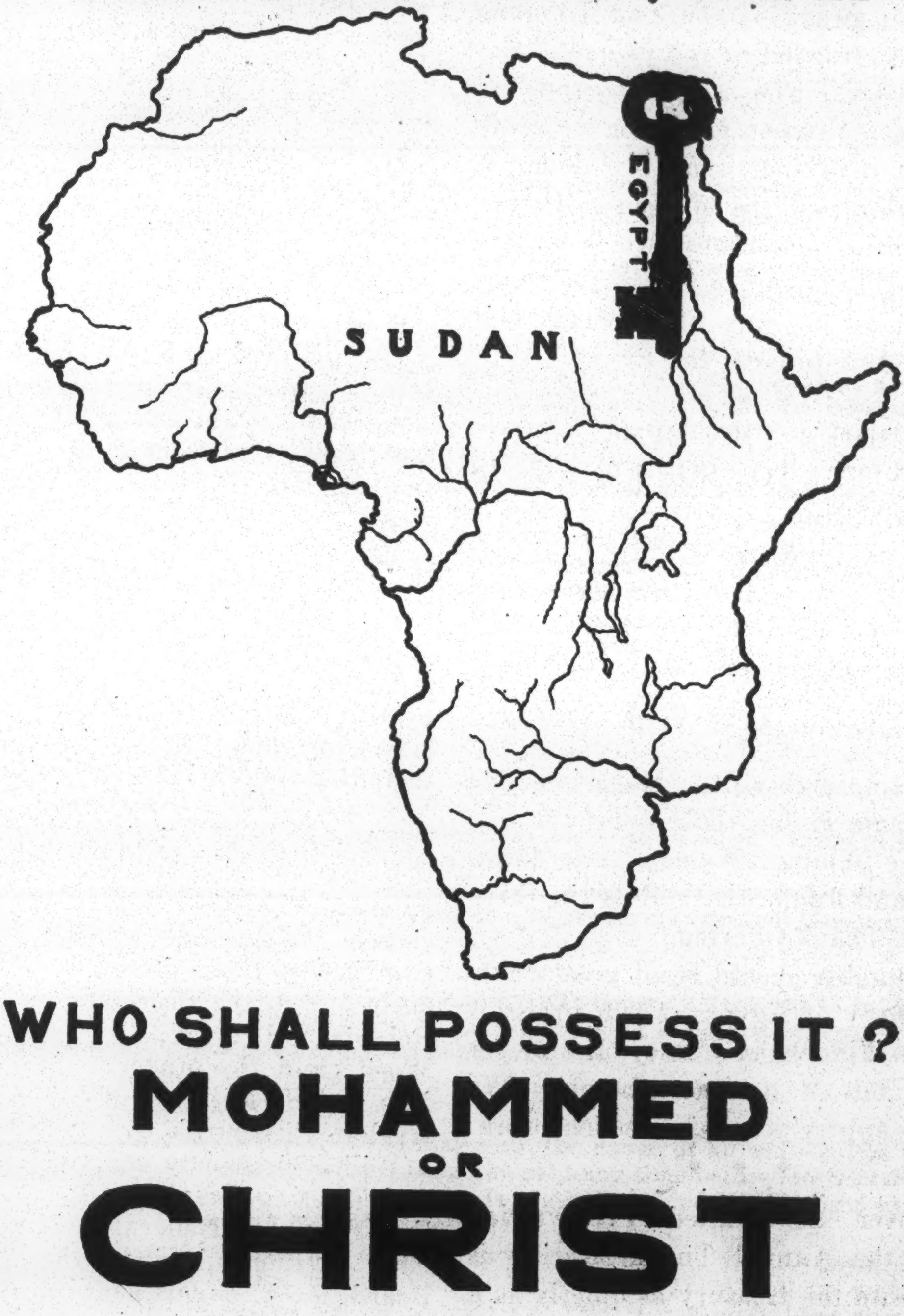
Yes the great "H. C. L." confronts the missionary, too. Perhaps more even than people at home for missionaries' salaries are not calculated to cover luxurious living even in times of peace and prosperity, and when simple necessities double and triple in price it is staggering to the house-wife, also to her better half. For instance: I needed two new mosquito nets, you are aware perhaps that in this land of malaria and mosquitoes, nets are as necessary as sheets, even more so, so I wrote to a friend in Egypt and asked her to please buy me some. They came; the nets, such as in peace times would cost about five dollars, each, the bill was twenty-two and a half dollars!

Mrs. Guthrie writes from Egypt that nearly all the missionary ladies are busy drying apricots and apples instead of the regular summer sugar consuming jam making. Mrs. Smith writes that many things are not to be had at all and others are out of sight in price; ordinary gingham forty cents a yard.

Doleib Hill and Nasser are perhaps the most fortunate stations these days, each having its own garden, chickens, cows, and pigs. And if the worst comes there is always plenty of game if one can procure ammunition. Mrs. Oyler is busy drying corn. The Nasser corn is not that far along yet, but the Nasserites hope to butcher a pig soon and they are going to try and make bacon and ham.

The four rooms of that much talked of Nasser bungalow are nearing completion, in fact two of them are occupied now. It surpassed all our hopes as to comfort and convenience, and when the other three rooms and the two verandas are added next year it will truly be a thing of beauty and a joy forever to the fortunate occupant. It is a real home, one in which we should be proud to have any of our friends come and find us.

THE KEY TO AFRICA


EGYPT
SUDAN

WHO SHALL POSSESS IT ?

MOHAMMED

OR

CHRIST

EDITORIAL

MRS. GEORGE M. MOORE, Editor, Xenia, Ohio.

THE EGYPT SPECIAL NUMBER.

One of the most interesting as well as instructive numbers of Egypt we have in this October number. Every subscriber will want to keep this Magazine. Do not give it away. If you loan it request that it be returned to you *at once*. Say to any woman who asks to borrow this Magazine, "You can get it for *ten cents*, or better than that, send one dollar to the Treasurer of the Women's Missionary Magazine and have a whole year of good Magazines sent to you." Tell them, "That it is one way of showing their faith in their prayers for Egypt."

* * *

REMEMBER THE SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY TO SUBSCRIBE IS OCTOBER 21-31.

* * *

The labor to prepare this number by the missionaries in Egypt should bring great interest, prayers, and gifts to the mission.

* * *

This is an eighty-page Magazine. The departments giving their space for this issue are Young Women, Freedmen, Indian, and Junior, as well as the three pages of Thank-Offering.

This number should be of great value in the study of Egypt. Much praise is due Miss Minnehaha Finney, Editor for Egypt, and all her contributors. We sincerely appreciate their excellent work.

* * *

All over the United Presbyterian Church the Annual Thank-Offering is coming into the treasury as quietly as a summer rain. Its gentle drops of many, many dollars of expressions of special gratitude will flow out into a stream making glad all the mission fields of our beloved church.

GREETINGS TO THE MEMBERS OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The women of our church are giving much of their time and thought to the work for our country. Let us help all we can in this most necessary work, but may we each hear the call for service in our Master's Kingdom.

Let this be our best year, for the need has never been as urgent.

At this time when all are returning to their homes after the vacation period, let us take up the work with greater earnestness.

Let the Executive Committee not be satisfied until every member of their society is active and enthusiastic, so interested that every woman of the congregation will want to enlist in the great service.

May our slogan be: Every woman in the United Presbyterian Church an active member of the Missionary Society and each woman reading the Women's Missionary Magazine each month.

Soon our fall Presbyterials will be held. Let each Presbyterial plan to have their name on the Honor Roll next year. You will if each congregation in your Presbytery has a missionary society.

In most of the Presbyterials the delegates to the 1919 Convention will be chosen. Will the Secretaries please make two lists of these delegates and mail at once, one to the Secretary, Miss Lillian Robertson, 1420 W. 3rd Ave., Spokane, Wash., and the other to the President, Mrs. O. H. Milligan, 805 Taylor Ave., Avalon, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Will each society set apart a time in each meeting for prayer for the work of the Women's General Missionary Society. Remembering the Women's Board, each department of work, the Magazines and their editors, the societies of the Convention City, Cambridge, and the officers of the Convention.

Shall we not do our very best for Him Who gave His life for us?

MRS. O. H. MILLIGAN.

"WAR BONUS."

All missionary boards of which we have any knowledge are planning to give all their workers what is known as "war bonus," viz.: a certain sum of money each year to help meet the abnormal increases in the cost of the necessities of life until the war is ended.

Our General Assembly at its recent meeting in Pittsburgh, Pa., appointed a War Emergency Committee with power to arrange for a "war bonus" for each individual worker under the control of the several Assembly Boards.

As the work of the Women's General Missionary Society receives no appropriation from the General Assembly the above named committee will be unable to provide any help for the workers who look to the women of the Church for their support.

If missionaries supported by the other Boards of the Church need "war bonus" our workers also need the same help and must get it. This letter appeals to every woman in the United Presbyterian Church to "do her bit."

You are responsible for the support of 6 institutions and 3 married missionaries in the North American Indian Department; 5 institutions and 27 missionaries in the Home Mission Department; 14 institutions, a farm and 45 missionaries in the Freedmen's Department; 16 institutions and 93 unmarried missionaries in the Foreign Department. By institutions we mean dormitories, churches, parsonages, hospitals, dispensaries, teachers' homes, etc., etc.

The grand total of the foregoing is the support of 168 missionaries and 41 institutions. The plan adopted by some other Boards is to give a war bonus of $100.00 annually to every married missionary and $50.00 to every unmarried missionary, either man or woman. With the above total of workers you can readily see how much money will be required to meet this schedule.

We have 168 workers with quite a number of married men amongst them which would make the total of money needed for this object $9,000.00. The additional funds needed for the support of institutions—cost of taxes, fuel, light, watchmen, and general upkeep of property—would cost at a very minimum estimate at least $7,000.00. We have urgent pleas for new buildings in the home and foreign lands, the increased cost of which would be $9,000.00, or a total of extra money needed to meet the emergency caused by the war of $9,000.00 for "war bonus" for salaries, $7,000.00 for increased expenses of property, and $9,000.00 for increased cost of building operations, making a grand total of $25,000.00. This seems a large sum in bulk but when divided up among the membership of our societies it would be about an average of 50c each.

Of course it is understood that this money is to be over and above all previous obligations and regular contributions. It ought to take precedence in the minds of all our women over any other special appeal that can be made to them. These faithful representatives of the Master depend upon our women alone for help in this crisis. If they do not respond the workers must suffer for no one else is responsible for their support. We know your kind hearts too well to imagine for one moment that you will turn a deaf ear to this appeal.

We suggest that a committee be appointed in every congregation to attract the attention of the women to the necessity for this "war bonus." It ought to be given the greatest publicity by having it read from pulpits and at society meetings, printed in congregational bulletins and every other possible way.

All contributions should be sent to general treasurer, Mrs. J. B. Hill, and marked "war bonus fund."

We will endeavor to print, in the Magazine, the names of all contributors with the amounts given, from time to time. It can be paid any time before the treasurer's books close, April 15, 1919, but as the money is urgently needed NOW efforts should be made to send it in as early in 1918 as possible.

None of this money, we are thankful to say, will be used for the payment of debt as we have no outstanding obligations of any kind. It will all be used for present dire necessities caused by the terrible war that is now prevailing over the world.

We send this appeal in great faith and assurance that it will find a ready and generous response from all who read it.

COMMITTEE,
By order of Women's Board.

THANK OFFERING

EDITED BY MRS. MARY CLOKEY PORTER.

2828 Perrysville Ave., North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Business Address,
905 Publication Building, Ninth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

GOD'S INVITATION TO YOU.

Come near and bring Thank-Offerings into the house of the Lord. 2 Chronicles 29:31.

THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE.

In these days when the whole attitude of Christian nations is to value the welfare of others as much as their own, is it not time for individual Christians to have their ideas exalted above self and to practice unselfishness in every sense of the word?

Today—spells obligation:

Today—spells opportunity:

Today—the women of the United Presbyterian Church are—more than ever before—under obligations to loyally support the special work for which God holds them wholly responsible.

Today—God places before them the wide open door of opportunity to save souls as never before, and bids them, "Enter and occupy till I come."

In no more acceptable, no more beautiful, no more helpful way can they prove their love for Him and for His cause than through the giving of liberal Thank-Offerings.

Only Three Months.

Only three months remain in which to pray for, to work for, to give to the 1918 Thank-Offering. The treasurer's books for the year's special love offerings close with December 31st, 1918.

What plans are made for these closing months of the year?

The best "Ingathering?"

The largest attendance?

The richest program?

The most liberal offerings?

Let Not!

Let not one woman be unsolicited in your congregation.

Give every one, older and younger, a chance to give to her Lord a gift of gratitude according to her ability.

Let not carelessness, or indifference, or lack of prayer or effort prevent the 1918 Thank-Offering in your congregation being larger than that of 1917.

The work needs it!

You need to give!

God wants it!

HINTS FOR PAGEANT GIVEN IN THE 1918 THANK-OFFERING SERVICE.

Ten King's Heralds. White cheesecloth dresses, with flowing sleeves, gathered full at the neck, and made long, with cord or band at waist as preferred. Heralds should be rather tall and slender with flowing hair and two narrow white bands woven in front.

Twelve Juniors. Girls in white, with pink hair ribbons, and boys with white waists and pink lawn ties. Each one should carry on its left arm a pink Thank-Offering box hung from narrow pink ribbon and hold in the right hand a small basket of real or artificial flowers.

Twelve Little Light Bearers. Carry small pink candles in tiny candlesticks, lighted, and boxes same as the Juniors. Candles and candlesticks can be secured at low cost at Five and Ten-Cent Stores.

Groups on platform. Five Heralds should stand on each side of the platform, with six Juniors in front of each group and the Light Bearers in front of them, leaving space in the center for the native Christians and heathen women and Christianity.

SENIOR LIFE MEMBERSHIPS.

August 15th to September 15th.

($25.00 Each).

1. Rev. Charles P. Proudfit, D. D., Xenia, Ohio. By W. M. S. of Second Church, Xenia, Ohio.

2. Mrs. Alice Akin. By her daughters and the W. M. S. of Pullman, Wash.
3. Mrs. Samuel A. McConnell, La Belle View, Steubenville, Ohio. By W. M. S. of 2nd Church, Steubenville, Ohio.
4. Mrs. H. H. Johnston, Salineville, Ohio. By her family. Member of Glade Run, Ohio, W. M. S.
5. Mrs. Guy D. Wallace, 337 Summer Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Correction.

Mrs. R. S. Grimes, Kimbolton, Ohio. By the Ridge Church.

Mary Hamilton Martin. By her father, Mr. S. R. Hamilton. In memory of her mother.

Name Omitted.

Mrs. J. A. Renwick, 312 Clay Street, Topeka, Kans. Gift of husband.

LIFE DIRECTORS.

1. Mrs. J. P. MacDanel. By her son.
2. Mrs. J. Alvin Orr. By a friend.
3. Mrs. K. C. Johnston. By her son.
4. Mrs. Collingwood. By her son.
5. Mr. Lelo Collingwood. By his mother.
6. Mrs. E. M. Hill.
7. Mrs. Anna M. Scott.
8. Mrs. D. Emmet Alter. By her mother, Mrs. J. C. Alter.
9. Mrs. W. B. Boies.
10. Mrs. Ada Reber.

MEMORIAL ROLL.

1. Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Savage. By their daughter, Mrs. M. Alexander.
2. Capt. John Paisley. By his wife
3. Miss Mary Anderson. By her sister, Miss Sarah Anderson.
4. Mrs. Emma H. Brown. By her husband.
5. Mr. and Mrs. William Miller. By their daughter, Mrs. H. C. Campbell.
6. Mrs. Mary G. George. By her son, Mr. W. S. George.

Mrs. J. B. Hill,
Treasurer.

TO THE MAGAZINE READERS:

The usual space (four pages), taken for the Thank-Offering Department, has been generously given this month (October) to this great over-flowing splendid Egypt Special Number. We will occupy our usual space next issue.

Dear Thank-Offering Secretaries, remember the time is short in which to bring in the *One Hundred Thousand Dollar* 1918 *Offering.*

LIFE ANNUITY BONDS.

The Sterling Convention of the Women's General Missionary Society instructed its Board to issue four classes of Life Annuity Bonds, viz:

Class 1. When the annuitant is under forty years of age, pays 4½%.

Class 2. Where the annuitant is between forty and fifty years of age, pays 5%.

Class 3. Where the annuitant is between fifty and seventy-five years of age, pays 6%.

Class 4. Where the annuitant is seventy-five and over, pays 7%.

Annuitants may designate the principal of the bonds for the use of any department of the work of the Women's General Missionary Society they prefer.

Church women should buy bonds that will support the work of the women for women after the annuitant has gone to her reward. For further information address Mrs. H. C. Campbell, 340 S. Hiland Ave., Pittsburgh.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

MRS. H. C. CAMPBELL, Secretary.
340 S. Hiland Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sailings have been arranged for all our outgoing missionaries. The party for the Sudan and Egypt leave Seattle in October and the party for India in December. Things are so uncertain that these plans may all be changed before this is printed.

Our sick folks are all, by the blessing of our Father, well on the road to recovery.

Dr. W. T. Anderson and his wife have both returned home after a sojourn in Columbia. The former underwent an operation with splendid results.

Mr. Crowe also of India was invalided home, arriving about the middle of August. He entered Columbia about the last of the month and after very careful examinations of various kinds it was decided that an operation was imperative. How glad we are to be able to report that the prayers on his behalf were answered so that he has been discharged in good condition.

Mrs. Hunt, of Egypt, also spent a few weeks at Columbia and had a minor operation, returning to her home and family in fine shape.

A letter just received from Miss Maconachie, of India, says that she has received her passport from the British Consul in Canada. A cable from Puth, Scotland, gives her an appointment as Superintendent of a Red Cross Auxiliary Hospital in that city. She expected to sail from Quebec, September 20th, with a large company of Red Cross workers, but was not told either the name of the vessel nor the port of landing. Her ship would be convoyed by a company of Canadian destroyers for protection. She was so glad to turn her face toward her beloved home and friends that she was neither nervous nor anxious. She writes "What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee," comes repeatedly before me and there is no fear. Do not forget to pray regularly for all who are risking their lives in the cause of our Christ either on land or sea and for all the precious men who are leaving our homes to serve under our flag so that human liberty may not fail in the whole world.

A very important conference was held in Atlantic City, September 19, of representatives of foreign boards of five Reformed churches. Dr. McKenzie, chairman, and our Dr. C. R. Watson, Secretary, were both hindered from being present, so the meeting organized by the election of Dr. Alexander, President of Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, as chairman, and Dr. Stanley White, candidate Secretary of same board as recording secretary.

Boards represented by men and women were: Presbyterian (North), Presbyterian (South), Reformed in the United States, Reformed in America, United Presbyterian of North America.

After a devotional meeting the following subjects were discussed:

"Co-operation in Business Administration," for example purchasing supplies, freight, passenger service, etc. Opening statement, Mr. D. H. Day.

"Co-operation in Literature for the Home Church." Opening statement, Dr. Chamberlain.

"Co-operation in Campaigns and Education of the Home Church." Opening statement, Dr. Lampe.

"Co-operation in Selecting and Securing Candidates." Opening statement, Dr. Anderson.

General Business.

A committee of "findings of conference" was appointed and reported in part before adjournment. A full report will appear in our Magazine later.

A very interesting exhibit was shown

to the conference consisting of two outline maps of the United States, showing in different colors the number of members of each of the five denominations in the several states. At the lower left hand corner of one of them the following table appeared:

Denomination	Membership	Contributions	Per Capita
United Presbyterian	160,000	520,000	3.25
Reformed in America	144,000	382,000	2.30
Reformed in U. S.	340,000	188,000	0.55
Presbyterian South	357,000	586,000	1.60
Presbyterian North	1,613,000	1,578,000	0.85

It is understood that contributions noted above were for foreign missions alone. Our church heads the list even though we gave only $3.25 per member.

Conference ordered copies of maps above referred to, to be made in leaflet form for public distribution. Object of conference was to devise means of closer co-operation by which more efficient work could be accomplished and much money saved.

Representatives of our church were Dr. W. B. Anderson, Rev. Mills Taylor, Mr. R. L. Latimer, Miss Anna Milligan, Mrs. J. B. Hill, and Mrs. H. C. Campbell. Great results are hopefully expected from this conference.

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT.

MISS ELIZABETH MILLIGAN, Secretary.

904 Publication Building, 209 Ninth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mission Study Text-Books and Helps, 1918-1919.

Foreign-Senior.

Women Workers of the Orient. Cloth, 57c.; paper, 40c.

How to Use, 12c.

Foreign-Junior.

Jack and Janet in the Philippines, 30c.

The Guide for Junior leaders is included in the book.

Home-Senior.

The Path of Labor. Cloth, 57c.; paper, 40c.

Teacher's Supplement, 6c.

Home-Junior.

Jack-of-all-Trades, 30c.

Teacher's Manual, 10c.

The World's Workshop, 12c. Contains occupational material for the six chapters of Jack-of-all-Trades.

The Power House at Pathankot. Cloth, 60c.; paper, 40c.

Prayer Cycle. Price, 10c each; $1.00 per doz.

Are you using this guide to prayer for the missionary activities of our Church? Remember, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father Who is in heaven."

New Leaflets.

Broadening Horizons in Egypt, 3c.

Women Adventurers in India, 3c.

The Blind Missionary of Egypt, 3c.

Fifteen Minutes a Day With Jesus, 3c.

Christ in America. (Home Mission pageant), 10c. each, 60c. a doz.

A Little Maid, (pageant), 5c.

Leaflets for November Program.

Bible Reading on Egypt, 2c.

Ancient Egypt, 2c.

Educational Work, 2c.

Medical Missionary Work in Delta, 3c.

Religions of Egypt, 3c.

What the Gospel Has Done for Egypt, 2c.

The "Zar," 2c.

Bamba, 10c.

Farida's Dream, 4c.

From Darkness Into Light, 4c.

Naama, 4c.

A PERPLEXING PROBLEM SOLVED.

An Open Letter to the Officers of Presbyterials.

904 Publication Building,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear President:—

Of late years the question how to use the contributions of the missionary societies—which make but little advance from year to year—to meet the demands of the ever increasing work of the missions under the care of the Women's General Missionary Society, and pay the salaries of additional workers, without going into debt has been difficult for your business agent — the Women's Board—to settle. Yet no debt has ever been incurred.

Early in the present year, Miss Kate Hill, one of the Field Secretaries, as she visited different portions of the Church, was impressed with the great need of the women's work being strengthened financially. She suggested to the Women's Board the plan of asking societies to increase their monthly contributions to missions, twenty-five per cent. The plan was indorsed by the Board and Miss Hill was authorized to embody it in a letter and send a copy to the President of every missionary society and of every presbyterial. Some societies have already taken favorable action and it is hoped that all will, before the close of the present year.

At the meeting of the General Assembly last May, an appeal to the Church for $500,000 with which to cancel the debts of the Assembly's Boards, and enable them to pay to their workers a "war bonus"—a sum in addition to their salaries to help meet the increased cost of living during war conditions. As no share of this fund will be given to the 168 missionaries and for the support of 41 institutions under the care of the Women's General Missionary Society—the Women's Board sent out an appeal in August asking the women of the church for a "war bonus" fund of $25,000 to meet present needs under war conditions.

Some societies seem perplexed to know how to meet the two appeals referred to and do justice to both. Let it be understood that the twenty-five per cent. increase in contributions is a *permanent fund*—a set standard for each society to reach from year to year and where possible not to be lowered, while the "war bonus" is a special fund for war times only, and must be given over and above the monthly contributions and Thank-Offering.

"War bonus" cannot be counted as contributions or Thank-Offering.

The advance in contributions is expected to be largely from the members of the missionary societies, while the special fund of $25,000, we trust, will be met by the entire women membership of the Church whether members of the societies or not. As only one-third of the 80,000 women of the Church are members of the societies surely the two-thirds non-members, *if solicited by visiting committees,* will do their full part in raising the "war bonus."

While the Board in its appeal to the women of the Church for a $25,000 "war bonus," asked that gifts be sent direct to the treasurer (to secure haste in meeting the present needs), societies, if preferred, can send theirs through their Presbyterial treasurers.

The two funds appealed for should in no way interfere with each other but should call forth the self-denial and sympathy of the women of the entire church.

Will you not promptly present the above in some form to the officers of all your congregational societies?

Hopefully yours,
Committee of Women's Board.

FIELD SECRETARY

Jeanette C. Alter, 21 Mountain Ave., Piedmont, Oakland, California.

"YOU WILL FIND THE REST IN THE JULY MAGAZINE!"

After this manner our Board secretaries at the Pittsburgh Convention called attention to portions of their report, curtailed then, for lack of time. Have you found not merely the "rest," but all of this wonderful years history of the work God has placed in our keeping? Yes, you have read it all long ere this if you are really interested in our big May meeting, if the purpose and aim of this Convention touches a responsive chord in your heart, and if the Lord's Commission holds for you the greatest challenge in this war-torn world today.

The urgent, insistent calls upon heart, hand and purse are fairly bewildering these days, but we are going to rightly divide our time, between "Old Glory" and the banner of Jesus Christ which "must not suffer loss." Remember the workers on the wall in Nehemiah's time—"Every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other held his weapon, *and so builded.*" We dare not slack our efforts now, for the call of our country and His Kingdom are leading the same way. (Margaret Burton, in her preface to "Women Workers of the Orient," will tell you better what I mean).

"Our soldiers are upon the battle field today to help to keep the world a place in which men and women and little children may have life and have it more abundantly. And our missionaries are at the Front today, pouring out their lives for the peoples of Asia, that through the glad knowledge of Jesus Christ they may have the life He came to bring, and have it more abundantly. It is one goal, one purpose. We must make every necessary sacrifice for the strength of our armies in Europe and our missionaries in Asia. To neglect either is to forfeit the victory for which, by different paths, but with the same vision, both are striving."

"A Red Cross marks each way, the one a symbol of human love and pity and sacrifice for a cause sacred as life itself, the other points to Him Whose love and pity and sacrifice will yet usher in a new day, though its dawn be heralded with the roar and blood of battle, when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more, and when His dominion shall be from sea to sea."

There is some thing else that you will find, not in the July Magazine, but on the outside cover—Mrs. Porter's appeal for the Thank-Offering. Dear heart! In these days when loyalty is in the air, we will conserve our Thank-Offerings for its rightful place, viz., the seven departments of our W. G. M. S. I believe we would do this for her sweet sake alone, but there is a principle involved which would not allow us to divert the Thank-Offering into outside channels. Let us prove our loyalty along this line just as we are doing in other ways, and take all the "Thank-Offering Steps" she suggests in the June issue of the Magazine. We are already enlisted, let us fall into line and come up with a love-offering for Him Who daily loadeth us with benefits, and that in some degree, will measure up with His gifts because it spells S-A-C-R-I-F-I-C-E.

Perhaps I should account for seeming neglect of this Magazine page. It's too long a story to chronicle, but after being "knocked out" and "laid aside" through a painful accident, I am grateful and happy to report once more for duty, and now, as always, I am,

Yours for service, Mrs. J. C. Alter.

MONTHLY REPORT OF WOMEN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

By Mrs. J. H. Maxwell, Secretary, 142 Taylor Ave., Beaver, Pa.

September 3rd, 1918.

The Women's Board convened in their regular place for the first fall meeting. Mrs. Sands called the meeting to order with prayer.

Treasurer reported receipts for July were $10,135.95; disbursements were $20,053.51; August 1st receipts were $6,820.40; disbursements, $19,537.29.

Letters were received from Mrs. Alter, Miss Rosa Wilson, May Caldwell, Helen Anderson, and Sara Adair.

$100 having been received from Young Women of First, Xenia, Ohio, being sacrifice money, the Board decided to send it for the support of Bible women of Egypt. $100 was also received from the Claysville W. M. S.

On motion of Mrs. Crawford the treasurer's report was accepted and filed.

Thank-Offering Secretary presented bills to the amount of $221.75 which were ordered paid.

Junior Secretary reported the expressage on quilts from Junior exhibit of the W. G. M. S. to the coast which was ordered paid.

Statistical Secretary reported one new W. M. S. organized in the Brookville Presbyterial, the Mt. Zion congregation; President, Mrs. V. Powers, Mosgrove, Pa.

Parsonage Secretary reported the Conway, Pa., parsonage loan paid in full, and $650 had been received on the Page Centre loan of Clarinda, Iowa.

Mrs. Brown moved the proper officers would sign the release papers for the Conway loan.

Young Women's Secretary reports on new society organized in Pawnee Presbyterial, Mission Creek, 12 members; President, Miss Ferne Barr, Liberty, Nebraska.

The afternoon session convened with Miss Reed, Second Vice President in the chair.

Indian Secretary. A letter from Simnasho states that on July 22nd they had the largest attendance at church they had ever had, 102 Indians being present.

A letter from Mrs. Jackson, of Warm Springs, states that they have had much sickness and relates a touching story concerning blind Beachcome.

The government tank house burned causing great inconvenience.

Indians ask if the Board and all who are interested will pray that Christian instructors will be sent to the schools.

Foreign Secretary reports the resignation of Miss Roe Williams, formally missionary to Egypt, which was accepted by the Board with deep regret.

On motion the bill for language lessons was ordered paid.

Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Hill were appointed delegates to attend a conference of Foreign Mission Boards of Reformed churches to be held at Atlantic City, September 19th.

Freedmen Secretary reports letter of appreciation from Rev. John Arter and wife.

On motion some very necessary equipment was ordered for Canton Bend.

A good report was read from Henderson Hospital but the Board learned with deep regret of the death of Mrs. Cotton's mother.

Miller's Ferry reports the new dormitory is ready for furnishing and Mrs. A. K. Wilson with Mrs. Sands were apppoined to purchase same.

Literature Secretary reports the receipts this year were $114.02 as against $57.10 last year.

Bills to the amount of $128.93 were ordered paid.

Adjourned.

September 17, 1918.

The Women's Board met in regular session at the close of the prayer meeting.

Meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. J. D. Sands.

The minutes of the last meeting being read and adopted, the Indian Secretary gave reports from all three stations. Mr.

Matthews, of Simnasho, sent check for $60. Bills for Tama amounting to $99.26 were ordered paid.

Statistical Secretary reported one Women's Missionary Society reorganized in Brookfield Presbyterial at Cherry Run with a membership of 18. Mrs. Thos. Summerville, Riversburg, Pa., President.

Freedmen Secretary reported that a range was needed at Knoxville and moved one be purchased.

P. S. Jones, of Riceville, sent check of $116.99, with full statement of his receipts and expenditures. The Board regrets that Prof. Jones is leaving Riceville to take up work in a new field.

Committee on furnishings for Miller's Ferry Dormitory reported having purchased furnishing for twenty-five rooms.

Junior Editor submits bid of $115 for 7000 editions of Junior Magazine.

Home Secretary received reports from the following stations: Croation, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.; 12th Church, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Brushton Italian Mission, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Eastonville Mission, Pa.; Burgettstown, Pa.; Italian Mission, Butler, Pa.; West Alliance, Ohio; Gary, Ind.; Sears, Rock Island, Ill.; Quincy Mission, Pittsburg, Kans.; Boise, Idaho; Fresno, Calif.; Mutes, Portland, Ore.

A Junior Society was organized at Eastonville, Pa., in July with 12 members.

Miss Romaine Russell began work in the Westland and South View Missions, July first.

Miss Aulora McIntyre closed her work in Gary, September first, and expects to attend Moody Bible School.

Miss Harriet V. Romig closed her work in the Wilmerding-Rankin District the first of September.

Mrs. Cook moved that the following persons be elected to teach at Frenchburg, Ky.: Miss Ruth Bemis, West Middletown, Pa.; Miss Margaret Clelend, Sandy Lake, Pa.; Miss Ida Paisley, New Wilmington, Pa.; Miss Margaret Peebles, Slippery Rock, Pa.; Miss Hamilton, Grove City, Pa.; Miss Ethel White.

After a discussion of the "25% increase" and the "war bonus" a committee was appointed to prepare a letter to be sent to the presidents of all Presbyterials relative to same.

Adjourned to meet in regular session October 1st.

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October 1, 1918.

The Women's Board met in regular session, with the President, Mrs. J. D. Sands, in the chair. After calling the meeting to order the minutes of the last meeting were approved as read.

Treasurer reported; receipts were $10439.64 and disbursements were $11555.30, for the month of September.

On motion the report of the Treasurer was received and filed.

Freedmen's Secretary reported that Henderson Hospital was very badly in need of sheets, pillow cases and counter panes.

Young Women's Secretary reported one new society organized in Keokuk Presbyterial, Winfield, Iowa, King's Daughters Circle, 12 members; President, Thelma Baird.

Statistical Secretary reports much inquiry in regard to organizing Women's Missionary Societies.

Foreign Secretary read a very interesting letter from Miss Maconachie.

Home Secretary reported the school at Frenchburg had opened with an enrollment of 151. The teaching force has all been elected with the exception of one teacher for the High School.

Scholarships for Frenchburg are to be sent to the General Treasurer. Bills to the amount of $236.06 were ordered paid.

Parsonage Secretary read a letter from from the Rock Island congregation.

Adjourned with prayer by Mrs. Milliken.

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STUDY FOR THE MONTH.

NOVEMBER.

EGYPT.

"Herein is my father glorified that ye bear much fruit."

Bible Reading—"The Burden of Egypt." Isaiah 19, 1st Chapter.

Roll Call—Name a Missionary in Egypt.

Editorial—Egypt, my people.

1. The Country and Its People:
   (a). The Country.
   (b). The People.
   (c). Their Religions.
2. Christian Work Existing in Egypt Today:
   (a). The American Mission.
   (b). The Protestant Community.
   (c). Other Missions.
3. The Challenge:
   (a). Inadequacy of Forces and Means.
   (b). Need of Haste.
   (c). How to Meet the Challenge.

N. B.—"Egypt holds a position of unique influence, situated as she is at the confluence of nations. Here the East and the West touch each other influentially. Nowhere can America so help this great and needy world of the Near East, as from Cairo and Egypt. Influences set in motion here penetrate not merely into Africa, but into Syria, Arabia, Persia, and India. The Moslem attitude toward western learning and Christian teaching is already one of eager inquiry. This is an attitude which the war has accentuated. The movement of hundreds of thousands of troops in all lands, with all that this has involved of the stirring of stagnant Oriental life, has produced a sort of intellectual and spiritual awakening in the whole Moslem world."

The above quotation from an article written by Dr. C. R. Watson sums up the situation here in Egypt. This situation is our challenge. —Ed. M. Finney.

HOME MISSIONARIES.

SUPPORTED BY W. G. M. S.

AMERICAN INDIANS.

Warm Springs, Oregon	Rev. H. T. Jackson
Simnasho, Oregon	Rev. W. A. Matthews
Tama, Iowa	Rev. R. G. Smith

All contributions for Warm Springs should be addressed to Rev. H T. Jackson, Indian Mission, and shipped to Mecca, Oregon, the nearest station. Those for Simnasho, Oregon, should be sent to Rev. W. A. Matthews, Indian Mission, and shipped to Maupin, Oregon. Things for Tama, should be addressed to Rev. R. G. Smith, Tama, Iowa.

CITY MISSIONARIES.

Miss Elenore Ribet, (Italian), Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Bess Eakin, (Italian), Butler, Pa.
Miss Grace Welck, (Italian), Burgettstown, Pa.
Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, (Croatian), N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Margaret Heazlett, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Romain Russell, Hickory, Pa.
Miss Sallie Dickey, Alliance, Ohio.
Miss Elizabeth McMillan, Rock Island, Ill.
Miss Flora B. Torrance, Boise, Idaho.
Miss Anna C. Parr, Quincy Ave. Mission, Pittsburg, Kansas.
Miss Irma G. Allen, Fresno, Calif.
Mrs. F. C. Metcalf, (Mutes), Portland, Oregon.

MOUNTAINEER.

Miss Ida Paisley, Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Margaret Cleland, Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Ruth Bemis, Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Margaret Peebles, Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, Frenchburg, Ky.
Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Giffin, Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss N. Ethel White, Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Esther Mitchell, M. D., Frenchburg, Ky.

Please prepay freight on all boxes and barrels. Address, The Dormitory, Frenchburg, Ky., via Rothwell, Ky. Mail bill of lading to the Principal, Rev. W. J. Giffin, Frenchburg, Ky. When possible send by Parcel Post direct to Frenchburg, Ky.

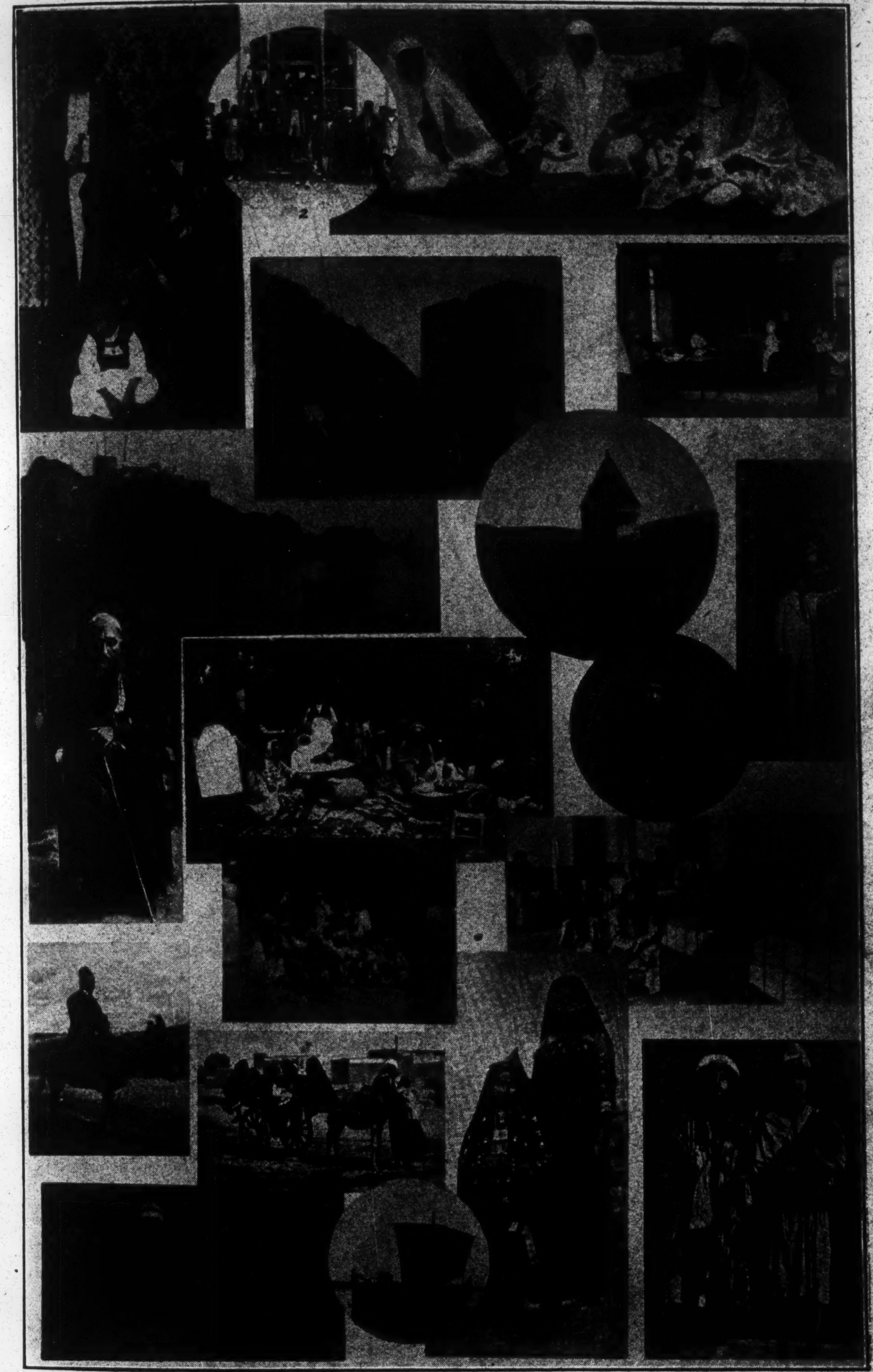
FREEDMEN'S MISSIONS.

DIRECTORY FOR SENDING CLOTHING.

*Athens, Tenn.—Rev. C. H. Wilson.
Riceville, Tenn.—Prof. P. S. Jones.
*Knoxville, Tenn.—Rev. R. W. McGranahan, D. D.
Camden, Ala.—Rev. W. G. Wilson, Camden, Ala.
Canton Bend, Ala.—Rev. J. N. Cotton, Camden, Wilcox County, Ala., R. F. D. No. 1.
Miller's Ferry, Ala.—Rev. I. H. Bonner, Camden, Ala. Mark "For Miller's Ferry."
Prairie, Ala.—Prof. Thos. M. Elliott, Postoffice address, Prairie, Ala.; shipping point, Catherine, Ala.
*Annie Manie, Ala.—Rev. John T. Arter, Postoffice address, Annie Manie, Ala.; shipping point, Arlington, Ala.
*Chase City, Va.—Rev. F. W. Wilson.
Jeffress, Va.—Rev. R. P. Williams, Chase City, Va. R. F. D. 1. Mark "For Bluestone Mission."
Henderson, Vance Co., N. C.—Rev. Jno. A. Cotton, D.D.
Townsville, N. C.—Prof. W. E. Williams.

This directory is correct, up-to-date, and will carry clothing safely, if correctly followed. Please remember to prepay freight and then write to the principal of the mission at the time of sending and enclose receipted bill of lading.

*Donations of clothing not needed. New material and Christmas boxes may be sent to any of the stations. Always put name of society and place inside of box or barrel so that it may be identified and acknowledged.

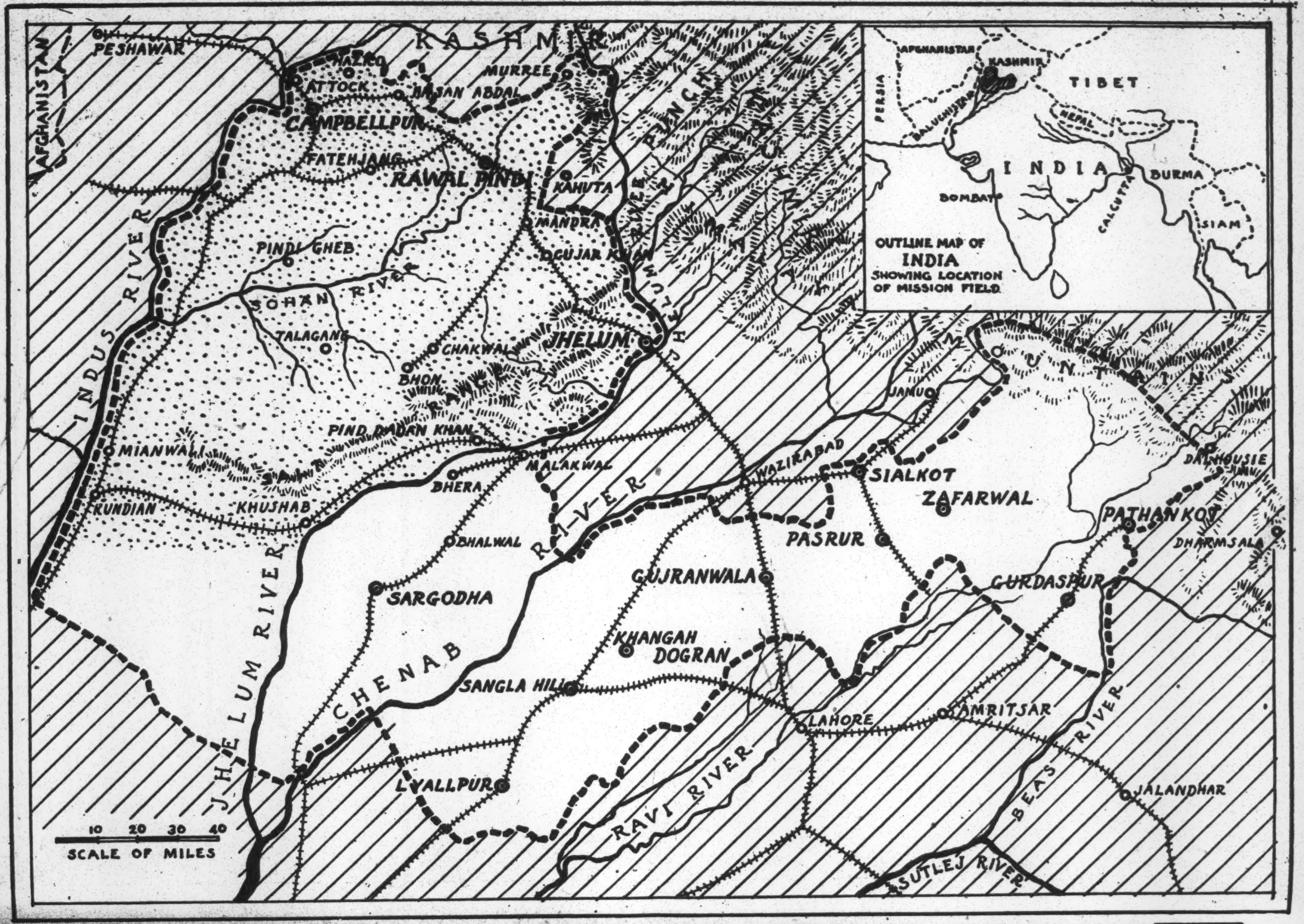


Courtesy Missionary Review of the World.

VARIED SCENES FROM MOHAMMEDAN LANDS.

1. The Sultan of Muscat, Arabia. 2. Group of patients coming to the Dispensary, Persia, 3. Persian women in house dress. 4. The Gateway of an Arab Town. 5. Men's Ward in Safed Hospital, Palestine. 6. A Harbor in Eastern Arabia. 7. An Old Armenian Church. 8. A Bedouin Woman's Costume. 9. Doctor Zwemer in a Date Garden. 10. A Dervish from Bokhara. 11. Dr. Mary Eddy's Patients, Syria. 12. Moslem Patients at the Bannu Hospital. 13. A Lepers' Dormitory in the Jerusalem Hospital. 14. An Armenian Protestant Professor, Antioch. 15. Moslem women taking a drive. 16. Visiting the Kurds at Home. 17. A Boat on the Euphrates. 18. Native Women of Owan, Arabia. 19. Indian Pilgrims at Mecca.

MAP OF THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN MISSION FIELD IN THE PUNJAB, INDIA


KASHMIR
AFGHANISTAN
PESHAWAR
HAZRO
ATTOCK
HASAN ABDAL
MURREE
CAMPBELLPUR
FATEHJANG
RAWAL PINDI
KAHUTA
MANDRA
GUJAR KHAN
PINDI GHEB
SOHAN RIVER
TALAGANG
CHAKWAL
JHELUM
BHON
PIND DADAN KHAN
MIANWALI
KUNDIAN
KHUSHAB
MALAKWAL
BHERA
BHALWAL
SARGODHA
INDUS RIVER
JHELUM RIVER
CHENAB RIVER
JAMU
WAZIRABAD
SIALKOT
ZAFARWAL
PASRUR
GUJRANWALA
KHANGAH DOGRAN
SANGLA HILL
LYALLPUR
LAHORE
AMRITSAR
GURDASPUR
PATHANKOT
DALHOUSIE
DHARMSALA
JALANDHAR
RAVI RIVER
BEAS RIVER
SUTLEJ RIVER
10 20 30 40
SCALE OF MILES
PERSIA
AFGHANISTAN
KASHMIR
BALUCHISTAN
TIBET
NEPAL
INDIA
BOMBAY
CALCUTTA
BURMA
SIAM
OUTLINE MAP OF INDIA SHOWING LOCATION OF MISSION FIELD

MISSION STATIONS

DOTTED PORTION SHOWS TRANS-JHELUM DISTRICT